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The People's Press.

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JOB PRINTING

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A Spring Day.

She was so fair, with her golden hair
And her beautiful eyes of blue,
What wonder that I, in passing by,
Tarried a while to woo!
Oh, bright the day of that spring-time gay,
And merry and young were we,
And the words she said, ere an hour had sped,
Seemed full of truth to be.

Oh, nobody heard, save a wandering bird,
The words that I dared to speak,
As I watched the blush, the crimson flush,
That stained her soft fair cheek.
None other ear save hers could hear
The question I whispered there,
While a sparkle grew in the eyes so blue
Of that maiden sweet and fair.

"What answer hast thou? Oh, give it now,"
I joyfully urged at last.
She penciled a line: "For answer of mine,
Read this when the day is past."

Oh, maids may be fair, with their golden hair;
But those who for love may thirst,
Be careful, I say, in the spring-time gay,
Lest it chance to be—"April 1st."

—*Mary D. Brine.*

Shadowing a Shadow.

Robert Gaines had traveled with his mother ever since he could remember. His first childish memory was of the stormy Channel passage from England to France.

He remembered putting his little soft white hands together to say his evening prayers; he remembered his kind nurse, his lovely but sad-looking mother standing a little apart from them and gazing down upon him with a wealth of love shining in her eyes and lingering around her lips.

As he remembered that he was frightened at the noise of the wind and waters outside, and thought how different it was from home, he must have had then a memory of home. But later that memory had faded away into the unknown and forgotten blank of infancy. His earliest memory, as a boy and as a man, was of the stormy Channel passage from England to France. There was a break in his memory after that.

Probably only the markedly strange events of early life abide with us as memories. Later he had seen great mountains, which he knew, years afterward, must have been the Alps.

Coming down the years, his memory showed him events more and more closely connected. They had spent an entire year journeying over England; they had seemed to avoid the usual routes of travel, and to visit the poorest and most untidy towns.

A year of this, and then a long journey with only the shortest of preparation. He had grown old enough to know that the long voyage had taken them to Australia. And yet they had remained there only one week, coming back then to continue their travels in another part of the world.

Mrs. Gaines' journeys had always seemed peculiar to the few friends she made while on her travels. To the boy who had grown up to manhood by her side, the idea of peculiarity and strangeness had been of slow growth. He had never had other instructor than his mother, but his studies had not suffered.

Still, when he met other boys and young men who studied in schools, he had grown to wonder why he had never been allowed to stop and study in schools himself.

His mother's care and love had never failed him, her patience had never given way; but she never remained long enough in any one place to make friends.

Boyhood wins friends sooner than more mature age; but Robert had scarcely any friends, and changed his acquaintances so frequently that he could remember but few of them, and those were people whom he had met in late years.

Then the method, or want of method, which characterized Mrs. Gaines' actions was growing stranger and stranger to her son as he grew older and knew more of life, and more of the way in which people usually traveled.

His mother was not a woman who would have been called liberal by the people around hotels and public resorts. She would pay a hackman exactly what she had promised or exactly what she knew he had a right to charge, and not one cent more. She would seek the humblest rather than the best hotel in a place. She dressed plainly. She was economical.

Still, Robert remembered a certain occasion when she had ordered a carriage at the last moment in New York, and driven in all haste to the steamboat just starting for England, leaving tickets for San Francisco on the table. And he remembered several occasions on which tickets for shorter journeys had gone in the same way, gone without a word, apparently without a thought.

She was a great reader; she never grudged money paid for books and newspapers; and she read aloud to her son hours at a time. She would read of great men with a smile of enthusiasm on her face; of great art galleries with all the appreciation of a cultured taste.

And Robert had seen her face flush with pleasure at the sight of some famous painting on one or two rare occasions.

But they had visited Rome, and he had seen nothing of the treasures of art or relics of early religion there; they had journeyed to Egypt, and he had not climbed a pyramid; they had been in Paris twice, and he had never seen a play nor listened to an opera; they had visited Berlin, St. Petersburg, Washington, and he had only by accident seen some of the noted leaders among men, and had never been inside one of the public buildings in his life. They had spent a month in Philadelphia during the summer of 1876, and had not been allowed to visited the great exhibition.

There were three conditions which Robert had always had to obey. He could never go anywhere, even for the shortest distance or the briefest time, without a full statement of exactly where he was going and how long he would be gone, and was allowed to go alone only on rare occasions. His mother always read all newspapers before he was allowed to touch them. She always read her letters in silence and never mentioned them afterward.

Indulgent in many things, his mother exacted implicit obedience in these matters. He went or remained as she said; he read his favorite papers after she had finished them; he never appeared to even know when she had letters.

Robert Gaines was thinking of these things as he paced the deck of a fast ocean steamer headed for New York, on the eleventh day of October, eighteen hundred and eighty. And the wise conclusion he formed as he threw away his cigar and turned to rejoin his mother, who was reading a dozen paces from him, was a conclusion that had been uttered by more than one person who had met Mrs. Gaines in the last one and twenty years:

"Some make a pleasure of travel. Some try to get pleasure out of it, and get worry and discomfort for their pains and money; but she makes a business of traveling. Why?"

And his question had been asked many times before he had grown old enough and wise enough to ask it.

The reader will remember that the condition of life in which one is brought up will, unless life be made positively unhappy, be natural to him. He will remember that Robert had had the chance to learn little of any other life than the one he led. He was thrown with travelers; to journey long and widely was natural to him.

We must not think that Robert was less acute than other young men, although he had never put his slowly-formed conclusion into words until that night.

"She makes a business of traveling. Why?"

And behind the fair face that looked up at him in the gathering twilight, with its wealth of love and tenderness that had always been there for him, was the secret; for he began to feel—to know—that there was a secret which he could not fathom.

"Robert!"

"Yes, mother."

"Do you know what day to-morrow will be?"

"The twelfth of October."

"How old are you?"

"Twenty-one to-morrow, mother."

She made room by her side for her son, and asked with the air of one who has something to tell which she shrinks from telling:

"Did you never wonder why we travel about constantly? Why we have always journeyed?"

"I have wondered, mother; I was thinking of it not a minute since. Why?"

"It is time you should know. It is time you should begin to help me. We may succeed better when we can work together."

"I shall always help you, my dear mother"

"I know it, Robert, but you must know all of my life. I was born in London, as was your father. He was wealthy, and so was I. He was engaged in a business which continues under his name to the present day; a business which earns a sum of money each year which is larger than I dare mention to you. You would be more than amazed at the income from your father's wealth. I manage the business, although almost entirely by correspondence.

"When we were married, however, the business was of much less importance. Your father had only one clerk then, a man by the name of James Watson—a man I always disliked. He lived with us, and I fancied he would be glad to make trouble between my husband and myself. I was high-spirited; your father was quick-tempered. How it commenced I have never been able to remember, but one night at supper a slight dispute grew into a quarrel, and the quarrel into a fierce tumult of threats and denunciation. At last your father seized his hat, shouted back the threat that he would never come back again, and rushed for the door. Five minutes later James Watson said he must go with his master and also left the house.

"I went to bed that night sorry for what had happened, for I sincerely loved your father, and I know he sincerely loved me.

"The next day the place of business was not opened. My husband and James Watson had gone, that was certain. We advertised for them both. I paid hundreds of pounds out of my private purse to London detectives. Nothing came of it. Three months after he left me you were born. I advertised that widely, asking not my husband to come to me, but your father to come to you. The advertisement appeared in every capital city in the world. It did no good. The lawyers allowed me to take charge of the business, after a time, I accounting for all that I received. I was told that I might take legal steps which would put me in possession — absolute possession — of a large share of his property. But I had enough of my own without using that belonged to my husband, and refused to commence the legal processes necessary. I simply managed the business, placed the profits in bank to your father's account and spent money of my own freely in advertising and paying detectives, while I economized in every other way. My fortune enabled me to save considerable money.

"Things went on so for more than three years. One day I received a letter from the lawyers—mine as well as his. A check for one hundred pounds, dated at Paris, and with your father's name at the bottom, had been presented by the London bank which had received it from a Paris bank for payment. The lawyers said that if I would enter formal objection they thought they could avoid having it paid. I refused to enter objections. It was paid, and I took a journey to Paris at once.

"I spent money freely there with only one clew, and that a doubtful one, to reward me. I believed my husband and James Watson were together, and my agents believed they had traced James Watson to Geneva. So I searched Switzerland personally and by agents, and failed utterly.

"For a whole year we paid drafts, all drawn in England, and all drawn for small amounts, at the rate of about one a week, and I hunted all over England in the track of the dates of those drafts, and paid a dozen men to do the same thing for me.

"A report reached me from Liverpool just then which led me to believe that James Watson had been seen to embark on a vessel for Melbourne. Another man was with him. There was a good deal of doubt as to the second man being my husband, and a little as to the first one being James Watson. I took the risk on both, and sailed on the next vessel for Australia.

"The mails went on board, after which passengers would have been unable to go. And our own vessel carried a letter to me at Melbourne, informing me of a draft made since the vessel which was supposed to have carried James Watson and my husband had sailed. That settled the matter. I took the next vessel back. I followed a faint clew, which indicated Watson, to Alexandria, to Berlin, to St. Petersburg. I hurried back to England to trace a draft made in London. I started to investigate the case of a man who registered at a hotel in San Francisco as James Watson, and whose description was not unlike that of our James Watson, and hurried away to the boat from New York, leaving tickets for San Francisco unused, on receipt of a cable dispatch from my lawyers regarding another draft. Rome, Washington, Paris again, now on one clew, now on another. It has been a hard life. You have been my only comfort.

"A month before the Centennial exhibition opened in Philadelphia we paid a draft made in that city. We paid seven, all made there, while the exhibition was in progress. I spent a month there with you, and five of the shrewdest detectives in America worked for me during the entire time. We have paid more than one hundred thousand pounds in all. We paid twelve thousand last year. I would give all I own to meet your father again and be reconciled with him."

"Why are you going to America now?"

"For no reason in the world. The last check was made in London the day before we sailed. I have tried system long enough; I am trying luck this time."

"What shall you—"

He paused and glanced at his mother. Her face was pale and her eyes set. She clutched his arm with a grip that almost wrung a cry from his lips.

"James Watson!" she gasped.

"What is it—who—where?"

"That man is James Watson," whispered the woman, pointing forward. "I must see him."

"I'll bring him," said Robert, and was gone.

"A lady wishes to ask you a question, sir, if you please."

"Certainly," and he moved back across the deck.

"Where is my husband, James Watson?" said Mrs. Gaines, quietly, though her lips were white, and the blood was running from the wounds her nails were making in the palms of her hands.

"Mrs. Gaines!" he groans; then turned upon the young man at her side: "Who are you?" and he raised his cane to strike him.

Robert Gaines had been in America often enough to have seen something of one habit there which might well remain unimitated. He imitated it, however, and took a boyish pride in going armed.

When James Watson raised his cane the young man took one step forward, and the next moment Watson was looking into the end of a short, self-cocking revolver.

"Put down your cane and answer my mother's question."

"Your mother?" said he; and he made a sudden movement of some sort.

It isn't likely he would have dared to strike the boy with the revolver at his head. It isn't likely young Gaines would have fired on him if he had; but in some way the pistol went off, and Robert was looking from the smoking weapon to a prostrate man, and the warm blood was creeping nearer and nearer to his feet when the officers of the steamship reached them.

"Put him in irons," said the captain, pointing to Robert.

"Do nothing of the sort," said James Watson, raising himself on one elbow with a terrible effort; "he's finished me, but I would swear with my latest breath he did it in self-defense."

"He may live an hour," said the surgeon.

Watson opened his eyes.

"It's better so," said he—"far better so." A little later he said, "Send me Mrs. Gaines." To her: "You've followed me terribly close most of the time. You and your detectives have tortured me almost beyond endurance. It will be rest to die. It was my accursed greed and my powers of clever imitation with my pen which did it all. I don't expect you will forgive me—I am only glad that his son has given me rest. He has ended your journey and mine together."

"Where is my husband?" said Mrs. Gaines, with the sound of unshed tears in her voice. She was beginning to understand.

Watson started up.

"That night—more than twenty-one years ago—when he left home—I murdered him—and threw his body—in the Thames."

The last word was a gasp. He was dead.

Anecdote of Judge Story.

The following anecdote about the famous jurist Story is in private circulation, but is good enough for the public eye. It was prepared for Story's biography by his son, but Charles Sumner, who edited the work, struck it out. The narrative runs like this:

In his younger days Story lived in the aristocratic old town of Salem, in Massachusetts. His great ability was not then tempered by as much wisdom as he afterward displayed, and he was looked upon with disfavor by some of the old families. One day Mrs. A. called upon Mrs. B., and in the course of their conversation (there being a seamstress present) Mrs. A. asked Mrs. B. if her daughter was going to the party that evening. "No," was the short reply, "I don't propose to let my daughter go to any place which is frequented by that insignificant young puppy Story." Years afterward, when Story was a judge on the supreme bench, he visited Salem, and was warmly welcomed by those who had known him formerly. Among his best friends apparently was Mrs. B., and he accepted her pressing invitation to dinner. Now, in the years which had elapsed, the seamstress had become possessed of a home of her own, to which was attached a garden, with a pear tree, which was just then loaded with fine fruit. After the invitation to dinner had been accepted the seamstress received a call from Mrs. B.'s servant, asking her to send up a basket of her excellent pears for dinner, as "Mr. Justice Story, of the supreme court of the United States, was to be present." The good-natured seamstress sent the pears at once, and with them this message: "Tell your mistress that I am glad that the insignificant young puppy Story has grown to be so fine a dog."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Lord Beaconsfield, at twelve years of age, was the editor of a weekly school paper.

The finger rings of America are worth 58,000,000.

THE FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

Farm and Garden Notes.

See that neither the solid or liquid portions of manure are allowed to go to waste.

Mr. Arthur Byrant places the profitable bearing life of an apple tree at twenty years.

A silo and a cow's stomach have some resemblance to each other—so it has been lately shown.

Dry fish guano contains more than fifteen times as much nitrogen as is found in stable manure.

In highly bred and liberally fed animals the teeth are produced earlier than in those living under the reverse conditions.

Plenty of sun and a warm soil are needed for growing mangels, whilst swedes thrive best in a cool, moist soil and climate.

Well-seasoned posts, when thoroughly dried and then charred and dipped in hot tar, will remain rot and insect proof for many years in almost any kind of soil.

A. D. Capen, of the Massachusetts Horticultural society, says cabbage plants may be hoed every day during the season with advantage to the crop.

In all cases a cow should be milked regular and stripped clean. No doubt this has much to do in forming good milking tribes of cattle, by encouraging a full development of the milk glands.

The dead bark from the trunks and larger limbs of trees is best removed during a thaw. A wash of whale oil or soft soap applied with a brush gives a smooth, healthy appearnace.

Onions are the first vegetables that get in the ground. The land should be very rich. They can be grown in the same place every year, as they are very nearly equally proportioned in the constituent elements derived from the soil.

A small quantity of ashes given to pigs while fattening is found very beneficial, as their food is generally rich in phosphoric acid and deficient in lime, which ashes supply; and in this way the phosphoric acid is made available as food.

The premature growth of colts by high feeding and severe training has the tendency to degenerate the breed, by entailing the overworked debility on their issue, which may become hereditary, and be transmitted to future generations.

At a recent meeting of the Dairy association at Rutland, Vt., a chemist claimed that the salt found in ocean or salt spring water has a greater power of killing the germs that create rancidity in butter than has pure salt, hence he recommended it for the preservation of butter.

The value of all manufactured fertilizers depends upon their solubility, and these manures should all be appropriated by the growing crops. To expect any such fertilizing matter to remain in the ground for another year is to presume that the fertilizers are not properly manufactured. Bone dust, however, will remain in the soil several years.

When corn on the ear is fed to horses they masticate it much more slowly than if the corn was shelled. As a consequence that on the ear is better digested. A horse requires more time to eat corn on the ear than if fed either meal or shelled corn. If the horse cannot have time to masticate a full feed of unshelled corn, then it is best to feed something else.

The following is given as an excellent method of plucking poultry: Hang the fowl by the feet with a light cord; then with a small knife give one cut across the upper jaw opposite the corners of the mouth; after the blood has stopped running a stream, place the point of a knife in the upper part of the mouth, run the blade on into the back part of the head, which will cause a twiching of the muscles. Immediately following this operation is the proper time for plucking the fowl, as every feather yield as if by magic, and there is no danger of tearing the most tender chick.

It is a practice with many farmers to place a load or two of somewhat green hay on the top of the mow, thinking that it will dry under such circumstances without injury, and finally turn out pretty fair hay. This is a mistake. The greenest hay should be placed at the bottom of the mow; it will heat some and throw off the moisture, and the hay will come out bright green and full of aroma. Place the poor bog hay on the top of the mow, and it will absorb such moisture as ascends from the sweating hay below, and though undoubtedly will prove somewhat musty, yet such would also be the case with the good hay if placed on the top of the mow. If farmers will try this plan, they will find they will have first-class hay in all their mows.

Recipes.

Old-fashioned Apple Dumpling.—Mix a pint of prepared flour with a cupful of finely chopped suet, a little salt and cold water, roll it out, slice the apples in a heap, and draw the four corners together as for an old-fashioned "turn-over," make the edges stick by wetting them; lay the dumpling in a cloth dipped in boiling water and then floured, fold it over, pin and tie firmly, and place in a kettle of boiling water, with an old kitchen plate on the bottom to keep from sticking or burning; boil an hour and a half without stopping. Serve with hot lemon sauce, or maple syrup, or sugar and cream.

Cuddeston Cake.—Three-quarters of a pound of butter beaten to a cream, three-quarters of a pound of sifted sugar, a quarter of a pound of molasses; beat up well with the hand. Take six eggs, breaking each one separately into the mixture; then warm a half-pint of new milk, mix all together, and then add one and a half pounds of flour, two pounds of currants, half a pound of citron cut in thin slices. Bake in a slow oven four hours. When done it will weigh six and a half pounds.

French Currant Jelly.—Mash and strain currants, and for each pint of currant juice have ready a quart of raspberries; mash the raspberries in the currant juice, first cold; then boil slowly for fifteen minutes, stirring all the time; then drain, put all back into the kettle, and to each pint of fluid add three-quarters of a pound of pulverized sugar; boil very gently for half an hour until it jellies, stirring and skimming.

A Rich Tomato Soup.—Take eight good-sized tomatoes, cut them in half, pus them into a saucepan with a bunch of sweet herbs and an onion stuck full of cloves, some allspice, whole pepper and salt. Cook them slowly until quite soft, then strain through a strainer or hair sieve until the skins and onions and herbs only are left behind. Have a quart of plain stock boiling hot. Stir the tomatoes into it, and the yolks of two eggs beaten up in a little cold water. Serve with sippets of toast or fried bread.

The Capitalist and the Editor.

"I came in to ask," began a little old man in a whisper, looking as if fearful of being overheard, and drawing his chair close up to the editor, "if you know anything of the condition of the Nevada Bank?"

"No special information," replied the editor.

"Then you think it solvent—perfectly solvent?" demanded the little man, with intense eagerness.

"Certainly."

"Might I ask what its capital is—its paid up capital?"

"Three millions, I believe," said the editor, beginning to wonder what manner of man had floated against him.

"And," continued the man in black, tugging in nervous excitement at his thin and straggling iron-gray beard, "what's the Nevada Bank's reserve—its reserve—that's what I want to find out?"

"Four millions, I think."

"And how is it invested—how is it invested?" He fairly gulped with eagerness as he glued his eyes upon those of the editor and awaited the reply:

"In United States bonds."

"Ah," he said, with a great sigh of relief, "I'm glad of that. Then"—here he looked all around to make sure there were no listeners—"then you think a man could safely intrust his money to it?"

"Why, certainly. There is no safer bank in the world. It has unlimited backing."

The little old man chuckled and took the editor's hand, which he shook almost gleefully.

"You have done me a great favor, sir," he exclaimed, "a great favor and I shall not forget it."

"It bothers you to be sure that your money's safe, I suppose, sir?" said the editor with that respect in tone and manner which every independent citizen instinctively assumes when addressing a wealthy man.

"Well—er—no, not just yet. The fact is," he cried with a burst of confidence, "I'm about to change my manner of life. I'm fifty-five to-day and have formed a resolution that henceforth I shall save my money instead of spending it, as I have done from my youth up, and I have suffered considerable anxiety about where to put my money when I get it In point of fact," he went on, his cadaverous face beaming, "I am just now excessively hard up, and if you could oblige me, sir, with the loan of a dollar until I am started on my new career you would lay me under a heavy obligation."

The editor staggered toward the club in the corner, but when he turned he was alone.—*Virginia City (Nev.) Chronicle.*

Deadheads in Newspapers.

It is well said by *Forney's Progress* that in proportion to the expense involved in its preparation no article is so cheaply supplied as the newspaper. Its cost to its readers is as near nothing as it could well be, and to make a living profit to its owners it must look elsewhere for a revenue than to its subscription list. That in many establishments is a positive loss, regarded by itself, but the circulation attracts the advertiser, and the advertiser furnishes the sinews of war. To get the advertiser you must first get the circulation, and to get the circulation you must give the people a paper that will interest and please them. Every line which a newspaper publishes for any other reason than that its editor thinks it contains something the people wish to know, is more or less an injury to him, because it occupies space which otherwise would be filled with matter which would aid in building up or retaining the popularity of his journal. To this must be added the cost of putting the "puff" in type, and the other outlays it requires. The wise newspaper proprietor limits the number of columns to which he will admit advertisements, or increases his columns to accommodate a rush, knowing that to crowd the reading matter, though it may temporarily make happy the heart of his cashier, means speedy and permanent ruin. Yet there is not a newspaper in the country which does not give away in the course of the year many columns of its valuable space—a trite, but true expression—and more than that, places these gratis notices in positions which the money of the legitimate advertiser, paid down over the counter, could not buy.

Not That Kind of a Doctor Shop.

Old Bill McGammon, who keeps a grocery store in the suburbs of Austin, is one of the closest men in the State of Texas, and abbreviates his words in writing. He abbreviated the names on the drawers and boxes of the contents in his grocery, instead of painting the names in full. For instance, he painted on the sugar barrel, "Br Sugar," for brown sugar, and so on.

Last Tuesday a feeble-looking stranger dropped into Bill McGammon's store and after looking around, asked:

"Is Dr. Prunes in?"

Old McGammon stared, and said he reckoned not.

"Is Dr. Codfish in, then!" asked the stranger.

"No, he is not," said old McGammon, emphatically.

"Then tell Doctor Cherries I would like to see him, if he is at leisure."

"You get out of here. I believe you have escaped from the lunatic asylum. This ain't no medicine college; this is a grocery," retorted old McGammon, getting red in the face.

"If this is a grocery, then you had better carry back them doctors' signs to where you stole them from," responded the stranger, strolling out.

Old McGammon looked where the stranger had pointed, and for the first time noticed the result of his abbreviating the word "dried" into "Dr.," for on the drawers he read, in large letters: Dr. Prunes; Dr. Peaches; Dr Codfish; Dr. Cherries; Dr. Peas; Dr. Apples; Dr. Beef.—*Texas Siftings.*

LIFE AT THE WHITE HOUSE.

How Business is Conducted at the Nation's Headquarters.

We find in the Washington *Evening Star* the following interesting description of how business is now conducted at the White House: The White House under the present administration is truly a place of business, and is run on thorough business principles. President Arthur has set apart certain days of the week for special purposes, and all the employes know that nothing can be allowed to interfere with the regular work for each day. One day in every week the President has reserved for himself. Few people can realize the constant strain to which the President is subjected. It is absolutely necessary that he should have some relief from the pressure which is brought to bear upon him from morning until midnight. President Garfield gave himself day and night to the duties of his office, and the constant strain on his nerves and strength told upon him very apparently even in the short time that he held the office. At first Saturday was the day chosen by President Arthur when he should seclude himself from the crowd of sight-seers and business callers who daily besiege the White House, but as that day is the one when Senators and Representatives are most at leisure to look after affairs which necessitate a call upon the President (both houses of Congress usually adjourning over that day), he decided upon Monday as "his" day. Tuesdays and Fridays have long been "cabinet" days. Members of Congress, however, are received on these days from 10 until 12 o'clock. The latter hour is the time for the regular cabinet meeting. Wednesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays are what are known as business days, when those who have business to lay before the President, or who merely wish to see him and shake him by the hand are received from 11 till 1 o'clock. The President generally breakfasts about 7:30 o'clock, lunches at 2, if the pressure of business allows him, and dines at 7:30 o'clock. About 4 o'clock he goes out driving. During the evening he almost always has a number of callers, either personal friends or officials, with whom he has appointments. When the last caller has departed the President usually devotes several hours to matters which he has set aside to be considered at this time, or which have been crowded over during the press of the day. It is at this time a decision is reached on many matters of weight, including frequently important appointments. The rules which have been laid down in the White House are not deviated from except in case of special appointment. In fact, business is done somewhat as it was under the Jackson and Grant regimes. It will be remembered that President Garfield's private secretary, J. Stanley Brown, acted in the same capacity for President Arthur for a time. Owing to the request of Mrs. Garfield that he should take charge of and arrange certain papers with a view to their use in the biography of the late President he was obliged to sever connection with the White House. Fred J. Phillips, a personal friend of President Arthur, succeeded Mr. Brown. Although President Arthur has a much smaller force of assistants than his predecessors, the work at the executive mansion is dispatched with remarkable promptness and accuracy. This is owing more, perhaps, to the signal abilities of Mr. Phillips than to anything else. He is a thorough man of business. The President has implicit confidence in him, and relies on him a great deal, and consequently Mr. Phillips succeeds in relieving him of much that would otherwise occupy his time and annoy him. The many callers whom he is obliged to see are disposed of with rapidity and satisfaction. The hungry office-seeker is not lured by a false hope, because of a disinclination to say no, but he is told at once whether there is any chance for him or not. When he is told no he understands it to mean no. Mr. Phillips' time is more than occupied. He is rushed. He has no relief and no time for recreation. No matter how busy, he always has a pleasant word for those who approach him. He is not only recognized as a thorough business man, but as a thorough gentleman. Mr. Crump is the steward of the White House. He came there with Hayes, and rendered valuable assistance during the late President's illness. Mr. Crump and the new French cook make the President's dinner parties.

The President's doorkeeper, Charles Loeffler, knows every person of any prominence. He never forgets a face. He is daily passed by crowds of people desirous of audience, but he knows how to discriminate, and his phlegmatic temperament keeps him level-headed. He came with General Grant. Arthur Simmons has been the doorkeeper of the private secretary's office since 1866, and he is likely to remain there for a good many years. Edgar Beckley, doorkeeper of the reception-room, came with General Grant. There are several messengers connected with the office. The President's mounted messengers, James Sheridan and Thos. Dolan, are daily seen riding through the streets. Albert, the driver, and Jerry, the footman, must not be forgotten. They were well known under General Grant's administration, when they looked well behind a fine team. They didn't seem to take much pride in President Hayes's turn out. It is very doubtful if President Arthur, who has a turnout befitting a President, will allow his driver to hold the reins in one hand and a large umbrella in the other. There is one man about the White House authorized to make arrests, Sergeant Dinsmore. Two other policemen are on duty at night. A police officer was first placed on duty there in 1864. Very little of Sergeant Dinsmore's time is occupied with police duty, however. He and the ushers, Messrs. Thomas F. Pendle, who came with Lincoln, and J. T. Rickard, have about as much as they can attend to in receiving callers, and showing what can be seen and answering innumerable questions.

The most recent life preserver it made of iron. At least, it appears that a steamer on the Ohio river, on which were 130 persons, was saved from being crushed by the presence of 600 kegs of nails in her hold. She ran on the rocks and the nails held her down so that she couldn't dash about and go to pieces. At the same time we do not ecommend a keg of nails strapped pon the person as being anything like perfect life-preserver.

FOR THE LADIES.

Four Western Girls.

The *Woman's Journal* cites the Misses Kollock as four typical Western girls: The family of W. E. and A. M. Kollock, of Madison, Wis., consists of seven members, four of whom are sisters. Of these Dr. Mary Kollock Bennett, the eldest, graduated at the Woman's Medical college of Chicago, and for many years has been practicing successfully in that city. The next, Dr. Harriet Kollock, graduated in the Medical department at Ann Arbor, Mich., nine years ago, since which time she has been eminently successful in her professional work. The third, the Rev. Florence Kollock, graduated at the Canton Theological college some years since, and is now doing good work as a pastor in a beautiful church built for her by her parish during the past two years at Englewood, a fine suburb of Chicago. Dr. Jennie C. Kollock, the youngest, graduated in the Dental department at Ann Arbor, Mich., last March, together with a class of thirty-six gentlemen, she being the only lady, and passing the highest examination of any in the house. She is now establishing herself successfully as a dental practitioner in Chicago.

White Embroidered Muslin Dresses.

White dresses are entirely of embroidery, with a panier sash of satin surah passed around the hips and tied in a great bow, with ends for drapery behind. The shirred basque is of open star embroidery entirely made on a lawn lining, with deep sailor collar. The skirt is covered by three or four flounces of embroidery, and the panier sash conceals the edge of the basque, which is untrimmed. A breadth of pale pink surah with pale blue surah lining in the loops and ends of the bow makes a lovely panier sash, and this is worn straight around the hips, as sashes are. Narrower pink and blue surah outlines a point in front of the basque, beginning at the waist line in the under-arm seam, and tied low in the middle; small bows are on the throat and wrists. Wide embroidered flounces can be used for dress waists by making the scalloped edges of two flounces meet down the middle of the back and also in front. The sleeves are also of embroidery, with a puff and frill at the wrists, rounded upward to the inside seam. Simpler dresses of white dotted or sprigged muslin, or of mull or nansook, have a pointed basque with insertion and scant frill of embroidery on the edge, and also in pointed vest shape in front, with a Byron collar. The Greek overskirt is liked for these dresses, edged with the embroidery, and opening on one side to show eight or ten narrow embroidered ruffles that are placed horizontally on the lower skirt. Two frills gathered in the middle like a ruche trim the foot in the way described above for ecru wool embroidery, and have loops of satin ribbon, with a coquettish bow at the foot in front. A single bow of long loops and ends is put on the right side—not in the middle—of the back of the basque, and a ribbon is tied in a point in front. Pale blue moire ribbons, copper red satin, navy blue and bronze velvet ribbons, are used on cream white mull muslin.—*Harper's Bazar.*

Fashion Notes.

Moire is used for parasols.

Spring jackets are very plain.

Curtain overskirts are revived.

Shirred tabliers are unpopular.

Cotton satines rival those of silk.

Ficelle, or twine lace, is a novelty.

The coronet bonnet is already popular.

The latest fichus are long and narrow.

The velvet dog collar remains in favor.

Pearl buttons are on stylish wool dresses.

Muslin embroidery trims cashmere dresses.

Polonaises have taken a fresh le of favor.

Bengaline dresses are worn in light mourning.

Paniers in lengthwise plaits are called valances.

Gilded paragon frames are placed over the linings of dressy parasols.

Greyhound blue or gray will be a favorite color for traveling and utility suits.

Fine carving appears on the wood handles of dressy parasols and coaching umbrellas.

Cashmere serges in broad stripes and with raw silk broche effects in borders and designs, are late novelties.

Bouquets of roses and other large flowers and large bows of ribbons adorn the tops of handsome parasols.

V-shaped waistcoats, the V terminating at the waist line, is a feature in handsome spring walking jackets.

New parasols and umbrellas have handles of the wood of the natural stick, knobbed, crutched and hooked.

Shrimp pink, water blue and pale copper-colored silks line many parasols, the gilded paragon ribs showing over the lining.

Spring fans are in various designs. Some of lace and flowers, others are hand-painted on satin, while others are made entirely of feathers.

Dress skirts are wider this season. They measure two and a half yards around at the bottom. The draperies are more bouffant and elaborate than last season.

Irish lace, trimmed with clusters of shamrock leaves and forget-me-nots was the garniture of the green velvet dress worn by the Princess of Wales at the queen's last drawing-room.

Newly imported French woven underwear of all kinds, white or in pale-tinted colors, fit the form perfectly, and are without seams or one unnecessary fold or even wrinkle. These goods are purchased very largely by stout people, both men and women.

The skirts of last year's dresses can be very advantageously added to a new jersey bodice of a shade to match, where the original basque to the costume has become soiled or worn. A sash or Grecian tunic can be laid over the seam where the skirt and jersey are joined.

Mountain fern, gold-tipped chestnut blossoms, and scented wood violets are seen upon elegant new "garden" hats of golden brown straw. The hats are not to make gardens in, but only to grace a garden party, which is a matter as different as a "horse chestnut and a chestnut horse."

Tears.

Is it rainy, little flower?
Be glad of rain.
Too much sun would wither thee;
'Twill shine again.
The clouds are very black, 'tis true;
But just behind them shines the blue.

Art thou weary, tender heart?
Be glad of pain.
In sorrow sweetest things will grow,
As flowers in rain.
God watches, and thou wilt have sun
When clouds their perfect work have done.

—*M. F. Butts.*

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

There is one thing to be said in favor of knee breeches—they don't bag at the knees.

The nine that none of the league ball clubs care to tackle—strychnine.—*Rome Sentinel.*

A man who was formerly a night watchman refers to it as his late occupation.—*Lowell Citizen.*

Philadelphia has an artist named Sword. When eight years of age he was only a little bowie.

Persons desirous of learning insect life should interview the bee. He can always give you a point.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

Patti is thirty-nine years old, and has been just that old so long she is used to it, and it doesn't worry her a cent's worth.

Some epicures object to duck as a refreshment, because if the bird isn't well picked the consumer is very apt to feel down in the mouth.

Why, of course a dress coat is the proper garment to wear at a swell dinner. It doesn't button in front, and gives you a chance to swell.

"Ask no woman her age," says a recent writer on social ethics. Of course not. Ask her next best lady friend. She will never fail to give the information.

You are right in objecting to the principle that the bulldog is entitled to the whole of the sidewalk, but if he wants it you'd better let him have it.—*Boston Post.*

"I am beside myself," said Lorenzo, as he stood by a portrait of himself in the artist's studio. "It isn't the first time though, Lorenzo," sighed his wife in martyr tones.

An Italian lady knows forty languages and talks thirty-two, yet when she gets right mad this knowledge is of no use, for her husband can only understand one of them.

The 222d asteroid has been discovered, and the world moves right along as if man had no further mission here than making soft soap or whittling up shingles.—*Free Press.*

At a high school examination the teacher asked the son of an old ice dealer how many ounces there was in a pound. And the boy said it depended on the extent of the crop, the length of the summer and the heat of the weather, varying from 5 1-2 to 11 3 4, but never reaching as high as sixteen.—*Hawkeye.*

Our exchanges contain frequent mention of "pound sociables." We have no idea what they are, unless they are the kind of entertainment Sullivan and Ryan indulged in lately.—*Siftings.*

The difference between a person in his first childhood and his second childhood is this: In his first childhood he cuts his teeth; in his second childhood the teeth cut him.—*Lowell Courier.*

A statistician computes that one hundred and fifty tons of human hair annually change owners in France. We are unable to give the figures for this country, as the Indians keep no records.

"Intelligent!" said the man of his setter dog, "He knows a heap, sir. Why, once he took a dislike to a man and went and induced the man to kick him so I would lick the man! Fact, sir!"—*Boston Transcript.*

The duties of the genuine dyed-in the wool, simon-pure editor are multifarious and multitudinous. His work is not only to "do a little writin'," as is sometimes supposed, but to cull, to glean, to select, to discriminate, to decide, to foresee, to observe, to grasp, to explain, to elucidate, to inflate, to boil down, "to be, to do and to suffer," and several hundred other verbs, with a large number of districts yet to hear from.—*Newsdealers' Bulletin.*

A Warm Invitation.

Jesse B., of Raleigh, N. C., was engaged in the lightning rod business. He had just put up the necessary rods for a farmer, and was, judging from an unpleasant sensation in the region of the diaphram, certain that the hour of dinner was near at hand. In other words, he had not tasted food since early that morning, and knew not where his next meal was to come from unless he was invited to dine with Farmer B.

At length, after some hesitation, the farmer said: "It's about our dinner hour, but the old woman is away from home to-day, and I hardly know what to do about it, but if you will take pot-luck with me, you are welcome to dinner."

Jesse thanked him, and they two wended their way to the dining-room. They found nothing to eat save a dish of roasted potatoes and a pot of mustard.

After being seated the farmer asked Jess. to take some potatoes.

"No, I thank you," said Jess, "I don't like potatoes."

"Well," said the farmer, not in the least disconcerted, "just help yourself to the mustard!"

Jess. tells the story, and says it was one of the warmest invitations he ever received.—*Detroit Free Press.*

The Boston *Herald* recently preached a sermon on the "Power of the Press," and an extract taken therefrom is as follows: "The press rebukes sin morning, noon and night; also Sundays and holidays. By the press men are kept in wholesome fear of public opinion. Men who would otherwise go home to-night and beat their wives fear the truth-telling reporter. Men who are itching for a safe chance to steal their employers' cash are restrained by a dread of being pilloried in the public prints."

Illinois last year raised 174,491,706 bushels of corn, which cost $75,803,074 and was worth $93,328,977. The crop was the smallest since 1874.

The People's Press.

SALEM, N. C.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1882.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at Salem, N. C.]

THE PEOPLE'S PRESS
FOR 1882.

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L. V. & E. T. BLUM,

Salem, N. C., Jan. 1, 1882.

AGENTS WANTED!

—Book Agents, Postmasters, or any one engaged in canvassing, can make a fair profit by engaging in soliciting subscriptions for this paper. Address PEOPLE'S PRESS for particulars. None but reliable, energetic and honest agents need apply.

—Ex Gov. Holden is getting better.

—Darwin is dead, aged about 72 years.

—The Mississippi river is rising again.

—Five inches of snow in Missouri on Wednesday of last week.

—1,306,000 bushels of grain were sold in New York in one day last week.

—The steamer City of Sandford was burnt near Jacksonville, Florida, and nine lives lost.

—The Raleigh *Daily Evening Visitor* commenced its fourth year on the 24th, and has been enlarged.

—The Bonitz House, in Goldsboro, was destroyed by an accidental fire on Monday. Loss $10,000; insurance $6,000.

—The able speech of Hon. R. F. Armfield on the Tariff and Tax Commission, will be read with much interest.

—Godey's Lady's Book for May has been received. It contains a complete novel, as usual in every number, and all its other departments are first class.

—Guiteau still refuses to have anything to do with the Scovilles. He was surly to his sister in a recent visit, yet she sticks to her brother, as she certainly thinks he is insane.

—Hon. Thos. F. Bayard, of Delaware, has accepted an invitation to deliver the oration at the celebration of the Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence, at Charlotte, N. C., May 20.

—Hail and rain storms in the West and South, are the cause of the cool weather we are experiencing. In Columbia, S. C., the hail storm Saturday was very severe, hail size of pigeon eggs.

—Richard C. Badger, ex-U. S. District Attorney, an influential Republican politician, and son of Judge Geo. E. Badger, formerly Senator and Secretary of the Navy, died at Raleigh, N. C., on Saturday last, after a lingering illness, aged 46 years.

—At *Home and Abroad* presents a very attractive table of contents for May. Among the special attractions are "Timrod and his Sect;" Notes on Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; Summer in the Tropics; Novelties in Gotham; Across the Atlantic, and numerous articles of a lighter and entertaining nature. The magazine improves with every number and deserves its increasing popularity. Terms $2.50 a year. Specimen can be seen at the Bookstore.

From Washington.

Senator Vance's resolution to investigate charges against revenue officials in the Sixth N. C., district has been adopted.

WASHINGTON, April 24.—The entire time of the executive session of the Senate to-day, forty-five minutes was devoted to the further consideration of the nomination of T. N. Cooper to be collector of internal revenue for the sixth district of North Carolina. Owing to the fact that the Republican Senators permitted the passage of Vance's resolution on Friday last calling for an investigation of the affairs of the collector of that district, the North Carolina Senators to-day did not offer persistent opposition to Cooper's confirmation. When the nomination was previously considered, a majority voted in favor of rejection, but a motion to reconsider the vote was admitted. To-day after debate the motion to re-consider the vote by which Cooper was rejected was adopted, and the previous action laid on the table. A vote was taken upon the motion, that the nomination be confirmed. This motion was adopted, 22 ayes against 18 nays. The Republicans voted in the affirmative and the Democrats in the negative, with the exception of the North Carolina Senators and several others who refrained from voting.

—Revitalizing the blood is absolutely necessary for the cure of general debility, weakness, lassitude, &c. The best enricher of the blood is Brown's Iron Bitters.

NEWSY PARAGRAPHS.

—Within twelve hours 9,000 foreign immigrants landed at New York on the 18th inst.

—By the explosion of a boiler in a corn-chop mill, on Thursday afternoon, at Baltimore, seven men were killed.

—Oscar Wilde has made $25,000 out of his lectures in this country. It pays to be esthetic.

—The New York *Herald* figures it out that it will take $1,500,000,000 to meet the demands for pensions under the arrears of pensions act.

—Bishop Deane, of All Saints' Cathedral Albany, N. Y., finally ordained the Rev. Huchens C. Bishop, colored, who was refused ordination in Baltimore.

—Out of 327 Massachusetts cities and towns, 73 voted for license and 252 against it. The yea votes tallied 82,644 and the nays 83,245.

—In the first three months of this year $1,600,000 worth of potatoes, imported from Europe, passed through the New York custom house.

—A steamship arrived at Victoria from Hong Kong on Thursday with 547 Chinese laborers. Nine hundred more are to arrive before August.

LONDON, April 23.—The *Observer* says there is reason to believe that before the end of this week all the American suspects imprisoned in Ireland will have left the country.

—McLean, the assailant of Queen Victoria, was acquitted on the ground of insanity, but was ordered detained in custody during the Queen's pleasure.

—Dr. Glenn, of California, and a native, by the way, of Augusta County, Va., has 60,000 acres in wheat this season, probably the largest wheat field in the world.

Don't be Alarmed

at Bright's Disease, Diabetes, or any disease of the kidneys, liver or urinary organs, as Hop Bitters will certainly and lastingly cure you, and it is the only thing that will.

SAN FRANCISCO, April 21.—Later advices from Eagle Creek, Arizona, leave little doubt of the massacre of all the whites and a number of Mexicans by the Indians. Twenty persons are reported killed at San Carlos.

—The Post Office Department of the Government is managed more economically than a year or so ago, we suppose. For the last quarter the receipts were in excess of the expenditures by $678,424. This is an improvement.

—The New Jersey legislature has passed a bill that when a jury in civil cases have been out six hours and have not agreed upon a verdict, the court shall accept a verdict from nine of the twelve (three-fourths.)

—When will that Arctic Exploration foolishness cease? The Jeannette is lost; the Rodgers is sent in search of her and she is burned and sunk and now the Iroquois is to go after the crew of the latter.—*Wilmington Star.*

One of the heaviest rains ever known in St. Louis, Mo., fell on last Saturday evening. Many of the streets were full of water and looked like rivers. Some of the sewers burst, which added to the flood. Tenement house basements were filled with water and in several instances there were narrow escapes from drowning.

—Reports from Haywood, Tipton and Lauderale counties, in Tennessee and Mississippi, Crittenden county, in Arkansas, have been received to the effect that the freezes of Friday, and Saturday and Sunday nights killed all the cotton in those counties, necessitating replanting, and setting the farmers back about two weeks.

CHARLESTON, April 24.—The jury in the case of the Mayesville election managers, who were out since Friday failed to agree and were discharged and a mistrial ordered. Judge Bond said he regretted the failure to find a verdict of some kind as it involved the expense to the defendants and the government of a new trial.

MONTGOMERY, ALA., April 19.—There was an immense fall of rain here and in other portions of Alabama last night. At Evergreen, one hundred miles south, on the Mobile & Montgomery Railroad, the wind blew a church down, and unroofed the brick depot and blew down one side of it. Trees were leveled in all directions. So far no loss of life is reported.

—A Selma, Ala., special says that Henry Ivey and Jim Acoff, the negroes who, it has transpired, were implicated in the killing of J. B. Wessenger on December 16th last, were taken out of jail and lynched by a body of forty masked men at 2 o'clock Friday morning in the woods four miles south of Brown's Station on the Alabama Central railroad.

—Preston Gowers, a house painter of Emporium, Pa., in a drunken spree, went to the house of Clarence Lindsey, his brother-in-law, Monday evening, and deliberately shot and killed him. Gowers then returned to his own house, locked the doors and cut his wife's throat, nearly severing her head from the body, and then shot himself. Gowers has been considered a peaceful citizen.

KANSAS CITY, April 21.—The east bound passenger train on the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad was ditched on Sunday last, near Ripon, New Mexico, and the baggage car, by mistake, was entered by five armed men, and before they could rectify the error, the conducter, train hands and passengers swarmed out and chased them. They mistook the baggage car for the express which had aboard over $200,000.

—A St. Petersburg dispatch says. Numerous arrests of suspected Nihilists are continually occurring throughout Russia, and the machinations of the discontented, instead of becoming less numerous, seem to be continually increasing and growing more malevolent. The other day a basket of eggs was sent as a present to the prefect police in that city. Some suspicion was aroused and the eggs were carefully examined and were found to have been emptied of their natural contents and charged with dynamite, the orifice being carefully closed.

—The rivalry between Barnum and Forepaugh, the showmen, is resulting in some good to the charitable institutions of Philadelphia. Barnum advertised that he would give the receipts of one exhibition to the armory fund of the First Regiment of that city, whereupon Forepaugh announces that he will give the net proceeds of a week's performances to the charitable institutions of the city.

—There are some big ranches in Texas, some larger than the State of Rhode Island. To go around one you would ride one hundred miles. From the gate to the front door of the house on that of Capt. Dick King is fifteen miles! There has been some talk of cutting them up and the Governor lately told the stockmen that it would have to come. As far as the profit goes, the larger the ranch the greater the number of cattle or sheep raised. The taxed cattle in Texas in 1881 were 4,000,000, valued at $26,000,000.

—During twenty four hours last week, eleven trans-Atlantic steamships landed their steerage loads of human freight ot New York. The steamship Surrey brought 1,252 persons, mainly Hollanders; the steamer Chateau La Fitte brought 861 Hollanders; the steamer Salier 1,295 Germans; the Italy landed 708 English and Irish folk; the Lake Winnipeg brought 735 Germans and Irish; the Queen discharged 482 Germans and Irish; the Cornwall landed 133 English; the City of New York added 1,082 Swedes; the Gellert 1,035 Germans; L'Amerique 814 French and Swiss and the California 34 English, making a total of more than 8,000. Mr. Jackson, the secretary of the board, believes the number of immigrants this month will amount to 70,000, and next month, when the climax is reached, to 100,000. The figures have never been equalled in the past. The main body of the immigrants is made up of Germans, Scandinavians and Hollanders. The Irish and English still come in great numbers. Next come Smiss and Italians. The Irish are going to the Western cities, the Scandivanians to the far northwest, the English to Texas and the southwest, the Swiss to the manufacturing towns and the Italians, who have neither money nor special destination, land in New York and are employed as laborers.

TARIFF AND TAX COMMISSION.

Speech of Hon. R. F. Armfield, of North Carolina.

In the House of Representatives April, 13, 1882.

The House, as in Committee of the Whole House on the state of the Union, having under consideration the bill (H. R. No. 2315) provides for the appointment of a commission to investigate the question of the tariff and internal revenue laws—

Mr. ARMFIELD said:

Mr. CHAIRMAN: Representing as I do a section of the country that has suffered as much and perhaps more than any other from the existing methods of collecting the revenues of this Government, I feel that I owe it to my people to say something in this discussion to make their grievances known to those who have the power to remove them; something that may excite sympathy for an oppressed people and call attention to their wrongs, though I confess that I have but little hope of obtaining for them any adequate or immediate relief from the political party now in power, for though that party fashioned these systems of tariff and internal revenue with their own hands and at their free will, yet now, like the old alchemist who, in the solitude of his study, succeeded in creating a living being, a monster without heart or soul or affections, endowed only with powers for evil, they tremble and stand aghast in the presence of their own creation, and flee from it in terror, wishing it dead, but afraid themselves to strike it, lest it turn upon and destroy them.

They admit, or the more candid of them do, that the internal ravenue laws are burdensome and oppressive upon two of the greatest industries of the country, the production of spirituous liquors and tobacco; that they create an army of office-holders and spies, expensive to the Government and justly obnoxious to the people; that the tariff is unjust and unequal in its burdens, a clog on industry, and a fetter on commerce; that both systems stand in need of readjustment and reform. They admit also that these two vast machineries of taxation are wringing from the people, and sweeping into the national Treasury nearly $150,000,000 per annum more than is needed for the expenses of the Government, and the prudent extinguishment of the public debt, yet they shrink from the duty which the country and the Constitution have imposed upon them, of alleviating these evils, and adjusting these burdens to the wants of the Government; and call on the President of the United States, to appoint a commission to do their work for them. This does not mean revenue or tariff reform, it is but a subterfuge to escape from doing what they are obliged to admit ought to be done without delay.

I said, Mr. Chairman, that the people whom I have the honor to represent here have suffered as much as any in the country from both the tariff and the internal revenue laws. Owing to their peculiar geographical situation, to the character of their soil and climate, to their distance from market, and the consequent character of their industries, they have, in my opinion, suffered more than any other section of equal extent and wealth. The people of Western North Carolina are not a manufacturing people, and they would not share in it to any great extent if the tariff benefitted the manufacturers, which, with the exception of the great and favored monopolies, I doubt to be the case; for the tariff, like Prince Hal and his confederates at Gadshill, only waits until the manufacturers have robbed the people until it turns upon and robs them, at least the majority of them, by the heavy burdens it lays on raw material and the machinery that they use. But my people are subjected to the last robbery of Gadshill, having no share in the first. They are plundered by the tariff not of what they have taken by robbery from others, but of what they have dug out of the ground by hard and honest toil.

The few manufactures, small and struggling, which we have among us, all feel that it would be a greater blessing to them, in their efforts to establish themselves on a firm basis, if they could only escape the burdens which the tariff imposes on their machinery raw material, and the necessaries of life used by them and their employees, by giving up all the benefits, fancied and real, which it confers upon them. They are compelled to compete with the old and well-established manufactures of New England and the Middle States with their skilled labor and cheap labor imported from Canada or wherever else it can be obtained cheapest; for, though the protectionists loudly preach the doctrine of "protection to American labor," they signally fail to practice it, at least in Massachusetts, as will appear from an examination of a late number of the reports issued by the bureau of labor and statistics of that State, which shows that at three of their great centers of cotton manufactures foreign and native labor are employed as follows:

Town.	Na.	For.
Fall River,	3,137	9,334
Lowel,	4,883	5,175
Lawrence,	3,415	5,724
Total	11,435	20,233

Almost two foreigners to one native. All that is necessary to enable the South to compete with success with all rivals, and to put to work for the benefit of mankind her giant and innumerable water-powers, of the Alleghany range and elsewhere, and to manufacture the rich commercial products of her own fields, forests and mines upon her own soil is free machinery, and untaxed raw material and food and clothing for her people.

But if the tariff retards our prosperity and cripples our enterprise, if it robs us of the wages of our labor to enrich monopolies, these are evils which we share in common with our fellow-citizens of the whole country, and they are evils which come by stealth, and not in the guise of swarms of insolent tax-gatherers, men who, as Robert Burns said of himself when his poverty drove him to become on exciseman, "Have done, like Milton's devil, that which, though damned, I'd scorn to do." But not so with the internal revenue laws. They bring with them an odious host of spies and informers, pimps and sycophants. Mr. Breckenridge, in his History of the Western Insurrection, commonly called "The Whisky Rebellion," says of Western Pennsylvania at that time:

"The farmers, having no market for their produce, were from necessity compelled to rednce its bulk by converting their grain into whisky. * * The still was therefore the necessary appendage of every farm, where the farmer was able to procure it; if not, he was compelled to carry his grain to the more wealthy to be distilled.

See page 17, and on the same page he says, copying from a petition of the inhabitants of Westmoreland County in the year 1790:

"For these reasons we have found it absolutely necessary to introduce a number of small distilleries into our settlements and in every circle of twenty or thirty neighbors one of these is generally erected for the accommodation of the neighborhood."

All this may be literally applied to a number of counties in Western North Carolina. Producing scarcely anything for market, except the surplus of the grain crops and the fruits of orchards of the finest apples and peaches to be found in the world, they are so remote from lines of transportation that they cannot afford to haul these bulky articles to market, they, "are compelled to reduce its bulk by converting their grain into whisky," and their fruit into brandy. A citizen in the county of Wilkes, in my district debarred of this privelege by the internal revenue laws, undertook to haul his own corn and that of his neighbors, the abundant crops of the rich valley of the Yadkin, to the nearest market on the railroad. After hauling a few loads he found, by actual calculation of the cost of his teams and hands employed, that he was losing three cents on every bushel hauled if the corn were given to him at the place of starting to market. To avoid so ruinous these laws are ruin and bankruptcy. They are deprived of their only means of acquiring the money they need to pay their taxes to the State and county, to educate their children, and to buy the few necessaries and luxuries they are accustomed to use which they cannot produce on their farms. They are compelled to suffer the fruits of their orchards to rot unused under the trees that produce them, and to haul their surplus grain to the few men who have the means and the temerity to undertake to run a "Government distillery," thus make a narrow monopoly of what was to their fathers, and ought to be to them, free to all alike. Mr. Breckinridge further says, in the work from which I have already quoted:

In fact some of these dissilleries on a large scale were friendly to the excise law, as it rendered the poorer farmers dependent on them.

And I myself have heard the owners of large "Government distilleries" declare that they desired the tax on whisky and brandy restored to $2 per gallon, because that would crush out all the small distilleries. So ravenous and unmerciful is the spirit of monopoly! When it gets a taste of the robbed earnings of the people, "like the young lion that has once lapped blood, it can never be lured back to aught else."

All good men must censure and deplore any forcible resistance to a law, no matter how oppressive, so long as it stands upon the statute-book, but it is not surprising, Mr. Chairman, that rude and unlettered mountaineers, smarting under a law that singles out their peculiar industries and blights them all, a law that deprives them of the blessings of Heaven in the propitious season and the fruitful products of their own weary toil, should sometimes forget their allegiance to law, in their indignation at the wrong, and seek with their own hands that justice that their Government denies them with "the might that slumbers in a peasant's arm." It is to be deplored, but it is the natural stirring of the Anglo-Saxon blood that too often, when it

Feels the wrong and hath the might,
It's owns avenger girds itself to slay.

The way to avoid this is to call in these spies and tax-hunters, made the law equal and just to all, and then it will be cheerfully obeyed by all; for these people, though liberty-loving people, are naturally law-abiding. Mr. Breckenridge says in the same work, speaking of the laws which caused the rebellion of 1794 in Pennsylvania, and every word of it is equally true of the present law:

"The tax created a numerous host of petty officers, scattered over the country as spies on the industry of the people, and practically authorized at almost any moment to inflict domiciliary visits on them, to make arbitrary seizures, and commit other vexatious acts. The tax was brought to bear on almost each individual cultivator of the soil."

* * * * * * *

"The violation of the domicile was regarded by the common people with horror. They were always ready to treat with contempt, if not to assail with actual violence, those who for the sake of a little money, would accept such disreputable employment."

After leaving the mountain counties of North Carolina, Mr. Chairman, and the piedmont region, you strike the undulating country producing the finest quality of tobacco grown in the world. This industry long antedates in this region the American Revolution, confined at first in North Carolina to a tier of counties adjoining or near to the Virginia line.

Previous to and since the late war between the States it has spread over the central part of the State, occupied most of the Piedmont region, and in some places it has climbed the Alleghanies and established itself and become profitable among the grain, fruit and grass industries of that, by nature, highly favored region. It has thus become the leading industry in a populous region in North Carolina, larger in extent than several of the smaller States of this Union. Before the imposition of the internal revenue tax, these people cultivated their tobacco, and sold it, untaxed and untrammeled, like all the other products of the soil, to whomsoever would buy, either in the leaf at their barns, or they erected rude and cheap machinery, with which they manufactured it, with their farm labor, and sent it into a free market, in a more valuable shape, and ready for consumption. But under the existing laws, all this has changed; the tobacco industry, like that of whisky and brandy has become a close monopoly. A tax of more than twice its untaxed value is laid upon it, the farmer who produces it is prohibited by law from selling his leaf tobacco except to certain individuals who pay the Government a sum of money for the monopoly of buying it; and in the manufacture of it, all the "small men," the farmers with their rude machinery, are crushed out, and only those who can commanda considerable amount of capital can engage in the business.

Mr. Chairman, are these the laws of a free country which thus lay the heavy hand of oppression on the husbandman at his plow, and, under the guise of raising revenue, rob him of the fruits of his labor to share them with the monopolist? Are they not more worthy of the reign of Louis XIV, when the tillers of the soil instead of brutes dragged the plow in the field and gave all they made except a bare subsistence to their feudal lords, than of our boasted free country in the closing quarter of the nineteenth century? There was collected in the sixth collection district of North Carolina, which embraces but a part of the country I have described, in the year ending June 30, 1881, (see Report of Secretary of the Treasury, page 484,) upon these two agricultural products, spirits and tobacco, the sum of $501,944.22, at a cost to the Government (see Report of Secretary of the Treasury, pages 79 81) for the ordinary expenses of the district of $274,415.88 while the ordinary annual revenue of the State of North Carolina (see report of Auditor Roberts, page 2) with which she administers her laws, cares for her helpless classes, punishes her criminals, runs her public schools, pays her officials and the interest on her public debt, throughout a territory of more than 50,000 square miles in extent, and inhabited by nearly a million and a half of enlightened and busy people, is only $530,263.50, collected at a cost of $26,513.17. In other words it coits the United States more than 54 per cent to collect its revenues among the same people where the State of North Carolina collects its revenue for 5 per cent.

The great cost of collecting these revenues, Mr. Chairman, is suggestive of other evils of the internal revenue system, greater, and more to be dreaded in their consequences to the people and the Government than any or all of those which I have mentioned, consequences which tend to debauch the morals of the people and threaten to destroy their respect for the Government and to corrupt the Government itself up to the very fountains of justice and of law.

The great expense of collecting arises from the fact that the system has been operated, at least in the Southern States, not primarily to collect revenue for the Government, but to build up and sustain a political party. Its offices have from the first been used as a fund to bribe needy or wavering Democrats into the Republican ranks; and to swell this corruption fund, especially in years when elections were to be held, many useless officers have been appointed, regardless of the expense to the Government; officers with no ostensible duties to perform' except to traverse a country so peaceful and law-abiding that King Alfred's bracelets might hang untouched by its highways, with pistols in their belts, to overawe the weak and cajole the simple into voting the Republican ticket.

Men who have won office by a sacrifice of their principles and their self-respect and the respect of their neighbors, become thereby fit instruments to oppress others, as well as cringing victims themselves to oppression, and thus not only have the laws been, in many instances, executed in a harsh and offensive manner, and immunity peddled out to treachery, but the salaries of these officers have come to be considered as a fund perpetually subject to political assessments for party purpose. They are called by the mild and deceptive name of "voluntary contribution;" but they are no more voluntary than is the surrender of his purse by the unarmed traveler over the muzzle of the loaded pistol of the highwayman. The officer knows that he must pay or be discharged from his office; and having won it by such means as I have described, he will not scruple to devote whatever portion of his wages is demanded to the corruption fund that is to debauch his fellow-citizens, in order to secure the remainder to himself.

During an election year the levies made on these officers is enormous in amount. In the year 1880, the year of the last Presidential election, there was levied upon the internal revenue storekeepers of the sixth collection district of North Carolina for political purposes, as I am credibly informed by storekeepers themselves and others cognizant of the facts, one full month's wages of each and every storekeeper, which at the time was $104 for each of them. There are in that district according to the last Official Register of the United States, page 122, two hundred and eighty-nine storekeepers, and there were at least as many in 1880, for officers are always increased in number in the year of an election, so that there was collected in this district that year, as a corruption fund to influence the election, from this single class of officers the sum of $20,056; and it is reasonable to suppose that all other classes of officers in the internal revenue service were taxed in a like proportion. Nor is it only in election years that exactions of this kind are made on these officers; but in off years, when there is no election in the State they are taxed under the pretense of supporting political newspapers, or to aid party friends in States that have an election, as was done in North Carolina to aid the readjusters of Virginia in their last campaign. And the men who exercise this vast power of taxation over subjects who dare not complain, though they are drained to their last penny, are responsible to nobody. They render no account of receipts or disbursements of revenues large enough to run the government of a State.

Such, Mr. Chairman, are a part, and only a part, of the wrongs, the oppressions, and the corrupting influences of the internal revenue system. No wonder that it has become an intolerable burden to a liberty loving and a virtuous people, for "its offense is rank, and smells to heaven." It has become radically corrnpt and vicious. There is no reforming it. "The whole head is sick, and the whole heart faint." Therefore I would have it all swept from the statute-book, and if it were possible, its very history and memory blotted out from our annals. The internal revenue system has been defended, Mr. Chairman, upon the ground that it taxes spirits and tobacco, and it is said that they are luxuries. If they are luxuries, Mr. Chairman, they are the luxuries, the only luxuries of the poor and the humble. They cannot indulge in foreign wines or clothe themselves in the silks of France, or the furs of Russia, or tickle their palates with the spices of the Indies. The only luxuries in which they are able to indulge are the pipe "that cheers but not inebriates" and the glass of spirits or beer that cheers though it does inebriate. And the Bible pronounces a fearful judgment on the rich man who slew the poor man's only pet lamb, that he might spare his own numerous flocks.

The internal revenue laws have been defended also upon the ground that they are measures in favor of temperance: but my eloquent friend from Georgia, Mr. SPEER, has disposed of this argument by showing that this is a false and hypocritical pretense; that these laws form an alliance between the Government and the liquor traffic, give it a legal status of which it boasts and share with it its profits; not diminishing its extent but greatly deteriorating the quality of its products to the injury of the health and morals of the people. I only wish to add to his argument that, in my opinion, temperance is a matter beyond the jurisdiction of the municipal law, both State and Federal. I believe, with Jefferson, that "that people is best governed that is governed the least." I believe, also, that God created man a free agent, responsible to himself alone for temperance, for righteousness, for godliness and for every other moral virtue, and that the laws of the country ought to leave him where God left him, untrammeled by sumptuary or spiritual laws, the guardian of his own virtue and the custodian and asserter of his own immortal manhood.

I believe, Mr. Chairman, that free trade is the *summum bonum* of all commercial law; that it ought to be hoped for and prayed for by every patriot and philanthropist, as the millenium is hoped for and prayed for by Christians. But, like the millenium, it will not come in a day. The world in its progress must and will work up to it. It may be that we have yet many a "Slough of Despond" Republican administration to wade through and it is certain that we will have many a "Giant Grim" (monopolist) to fight before we reach that promished land where labor shall not be robbed nor poverty oppressed. Do you ask, Mr. Chairman, if with these views upon the tariff and free trade, I am willing to repeal the internal revenue laws and throw the $137,000,000, which they raise annually, upon the custom duties? I answer yes; I would destroy one evil at a time. I would strike first that one that stands nearest and is most threatening. I would unite with the protectionist to overthrow what is their enemy as well as mine and the enemy of the country; and when I had accomplished that I would join with all who would follow to assault the strongholds of protection and monopoly.

But, Mr. Chairman, at least two thirds if not the whole, of that $137,000,000 is surplus revenue; not needed by the Government for any legitimate purpose; and all the remainder can be thrown upon the tariff, while at the same time greatly reducing its burdens upon the people. The exisiting tariff is constructed, not for revenue, but for protection. Under its operations, for every dollar garnered into the Treasury at least $5 are put in the pockets of the monopolist. Now, suppose all this were reversed; suppose a tariff was constructed for revenue and not for protection; a tariff that would put $5 info the Treasury and only $1 into the pockets of the monopolist. Then the internal revenue might all be dispensed with, the people greatly relieved from the burdens of the tariff, and still the Treasury kept full for the legitimate expenses of the Government and the payment of the public debt. Can all this be done? I say, Mr. Chairman, that it can; and by this Congress and at this session, without the intervention of any commission appointed by the President, unless statesmanship in this country is to be reckoned among the lost arts. And it will be done, Mr. Chairman, unless party policy and self-interest shall triumph over patriotism and the good of the country. [Applause.]

CALCUTTA, April 21.—Political massacres have recommenced in Mandalay. King Theebaw has put to death an inferior wife, two half sisters, the chancellor of the exchequer and fifty of their relatives.

—Debilitated persons, and sufferers from wasting diseases such as consumption, scrofula, kidney affections, will be greatly benefited by using Brown's Iron Bitters.

How to Save.

All hard workers are subject to bilious attacks which may end in a dangerous illness. Parker's Ginger Tonic will keep the kidneys and liver active, and by preventing the attack save much sickness, loss of time and expense. Delay at such times means danger.—*Detroit Press.* See other column.

The Secret

of the universal success of Brown's Iron Bitters is simply this: It is the best Iron preparation ever made; is compounded on thoroughly scientific, chemical and medicinal principles, and does just what is claimed for it—no more and no less.

By thorough and rapid assimilation with the blood, it reaches every part of the system, healing, purifying and strengthening. Commencing at the foundation it builds up and restores lost health—in no other way can lasting benefit be obtained.

79 Dearborn Ave., Chicago, Nov. 7.

I have been a great sufferer from a very weak stomach, heartburn, and dyspepsia in its worst form. Nearly everything I ate gave me distress, and I could eat but little. I have tried everything recommended, have taken the prescriptions of a dozen physicians, but got no relief until I took Brown's Iron Bitters. I feel none of the old troubles, and am a new man. I am getting much stronger, and feel first-rate. I am a railroad engineer, and now make my trips regularly. I can not say too much in praise of your wonderful medicine. D. C. MACE.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS does not contain whiskey or alcohol, and will not blacken the teeth, or cause headache and constipation. It will cure dyspepsia, indigestion, heartburn, sleeplessness, dizziness, nervous debility, weakness, &c.

Use only Brown's Iron Bitters made by Brown Chemical Co., Baltimore. Crossed red lines and trade-mark on wrapper.

Beauty Regained.

The beauty and color of the hair may be safely regained by using Parker's Hair Balsam, which is much admired for its perfume, cleanliness and dandruff eradicating properties.

—The Governor of North Carolina said to the Governor of South Carolina: "Sir, the best remedy in the world is Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup" and the latter seconded the assertion.

Dr BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

Postage Stamps!

I want a good lot of Confederate Postage Stamps, used or unused, for which I will pay from 25 cents per hundred up to 2 or 3 cents each, for some kinds. The Salem "O. A. Keehln," post mark, on original envelopes, 10 cents each. Also the earlier issues of United States stamps and stamped envelopes of all denominations. Hunt up old letters, boys, and bring the envelopes to me. It will pay you.

J. A. LINEBACK.

Salem, N. C., April, 12 1882 4-t.

SALE OF HOUSE and LOT.

BY VIRTUE of a decree of the Superior Court of Forsyth County, I will sell at public auction, on the premises, on

MONDAY, 1ST DAY OF MAY, 1882.

the following lot of land, belonging to the estate of the late Adam Conrad, to-wit:

A LOT OF THREE-FOURTHS OF AN ACRE, situated near the Shallowford road on the West side of Winston, about one mile from the Court-House, adjoining the lands of H. W. Fries, Z. G. Hege and others. There are two dwellings and an orchard on said land.

TERMS:—Six months credit, with interest from date.

Bond with approved security required. Sale to commence at 1 o'clock, P. M.

N. S. COOK, Pub. Adm'r of Adam Conrad.

Mch25'82-4t

BUSINESS NOTICES.

—Paints and Oils, a full line at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lewis' White Lead at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Call at H. W. FRIES Store for gentlemens' Fine Shoes.

—Lithia Water for sale by the gallon at GRAY & MARTIN'S.

—Lamps and all Lamp Goods at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

FINE SHOES.

Just received the largest stock of FINE SHOES, ever brought to this market,—all Ziegler Brothers manufacture.

Also a large line of Carpet samples.

H. W. FRIES.

—GRAY & MARTIN, Druggists, succeed MONTAGUE & GRAY and GRAY & WILSON.

—Those wishing to try our Teas can obtain samples free.

GRAY & MARTIN.

—Fullest line of Toilet Articles and Perfumery in the towns at GRAY & MARTIN'S DRUG STORE.

DR. BUTTS DISPENSARY.

Established 1847 at 12 N. 6th Street, ST. LOUIS, MO.

THE Physicians in charge of this old and well known institution are regular graduates in medicines and surgery. Years of Experience in the treatment of Chronic Diseases have made their skill and ability so much superior to that of the ordinary practitioner, that they have acquired a national reputation through their treatment of complicated cases.

INDISCRETION OR EXPOSURE Producing affections of the **blood, skin** or **bones**, treated with success, on scientific principles, without using Mercury or other Poisonous Medicines and at moderate expense.

YOUNG MEN and those of middle age who are suffering from organic weakness that unfits its victims for business or marriage, permanently cured, at moderate expense.

PATIENTS TREATED by Mail and Express but where possible personal consultation is preferred, which is **FREE** and invited. List of questions to be answered by patients desiring treatment mailed free to any address on application.

Persons suffering from Rupture should send their address, and learn something to their advantage. Its nota truss. Consultation strictly confidential, and should be addressed DR. BUTTS, 12 North 6th St., St. Louis, Mo.

JOB PRINTING of

all descriptions executed with neatness and dispatch at the PRESS OFFICE.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

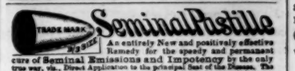
The Southern World
—AND—
The People's Press
FOR A WHOLE YEAR for $2.00.

We have recently made arrangements with the publishers of THE SOUTHERN WORLD, Atlanta, Ga., whereby we are enabled to offer that poplar FARM and HOME Paper in combination with THE PEOPLE'S PRESS at $2.00 for both papers.

THE SOUTHERN WORLD is a large sixteen-page paper; printed twice a month, and thoroughly devoted to the advance of all Southern interests. Each number is handsomely illustrated, and the subscription price is $1.00 per year. Its Agricultural, Horticultrual and LiveStock Departments are under the separate charge of editors of ability and experience. The cultivation of the beauty of home and the home relations is amply provided for. Each issue contains interesting stories, etc., for the entertainment of the home circle, and its Home Hints cover all phases of domestic economy; Household Recipes that have been fully tested; Fashion Notes, etc. Our Young Folks, marshalled by Aunt Fanny, form a happy company in every number. It is an instructive, bright, clean paper that will prove a welcome visitor in every household in the South.

Sample copies will be furnished free by addressing SOUTHERN WORLD, Atlanta, Georgia.

TO GET THE BENEFIT of this liberal arrangement for both papers, all subscriptions must be made to the PRESS, Salem, N. C., at $2.00, when you will receive the PRESS and THE SOUTHERN WORLD for a year.



SALEM MARKETS.

Wheat, (white) per bush	$1 25 to $1 35
Wheat, (red) " "	0 00 to 00
Corn, per bushel	1 00 to 1 10
Oats, " "	60 to 70
Rye, " "	90 to 1 00
Barley, per bush	00 to 00
Flour, per hundred	3 90 to 4 00
Peas, (col'd,) per bushel	1 15 to 00
Peas, (white,) " "	1 25 to 1 25
Beans, (col'd,) " "	00 to 00
Beans, (white,) " "	00 to 00
Onion Setts, per bushel	0 00 to 00
Pork	8 to 10
Country Meat, (hog round,)	11 to 12
" Haus'	12 to 12
Green Apples per bushel	00 to 0 00
Eggs, per dozen	10 to 15
Butter, per pound	20 to 25
Tallow, " "	6 to 8
Beeswax, " "	20 to 21
Flax Seed, per bushel	80 to 0 90
Potatoes, Irish, per bush	00 to 00
Potatoes, sweet, " "	00 to 00

The People's Press.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 1882.

LOCAL ITEMS.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.—Winston Water Company's coupon bonds, bearing 8 per cent. interest, for sale.

—Town election next Monday.

—Rains last Saturday and Sunday.

—Day's length to-day (27th), 13 hours 24 minutes.

—Frank Smith returned to his home in Goldsboro.

—Thanks to Mrs. Church for a lot of fine radishes.

—Joseph Reynard is putting an addition to his residence.

—A knife and scissor grinder put in his appearance on Monday.

—Occasionally a fine sucker is caught in the fish trap at the Salem mill.

—The Silver Cornet Band will attend Trinity Commencement.

—Miss Lizzie Dick, of Greensboro, is visiting Miss Mary Zevely.

—Salem Chapel township has carried the stock law by a majority of thirteen.

—We were pleased to see our young friend, Oscar Agthe, who is now visiting friends in this place.

The *New York Clothing House* has the best stock of FINE HATS in town.

—117 days past since New Year. 248 days more to come until the end of the year.

—All possible care should be taken to prevent the spread of the scarlet fever.

—Dr. Hunter's ressdence has been re-painted, and makes a fine appearance.

—The showers we had last Saturday fulfilled another weather prediction of Blum's Almanac.

GREAT REDUCTION in Crockery at Finch & Bro's. Call early and secure *cheap* bargains.

—The Wachovia Concert Club Band enlivened Winston with some of their choice music, on Tuesday night.

—First Quarter of the Moon on last Tuesday morning. The weather cool and bracing with a light frost.

—A Dunker meeting has been going on at their church in this county for several days past.

—Don't buy your clothing before you inspect the NEW YORK CLOTHING HOUSE.

—The evening star glimmers over the Western horizon in the twilight, and sets at 7.50 in the evening.

—Shore & Co. have sold nearly fifty pounds of one variety of seed bean this season.

—Pure Linen Pads, ruled and unruled, for foreign correspondence, cheap and good, at Blum's Salem Bookstore.

—Dr. J. J. Hilton has located at Lewisville for the practice of medicine. Office at Lewis Laughenour's residence. He will attend to all calls, day or night.

Now doth the little cat bird sing all the day so merry,
And keep his busy little eyes upon the ripening cherry.

—St. Elmo, the medium, spiritualist, etc., did not draw a large house in Winston, on Thursday night of last week.

Another lot of NEW SPRING CALICO just received at Finch & Bro's. Look at them before buying elsewhere.

—W. P. Crutchfield has been appointed route agent between this place and Greensboro, and there will be a mail each way at noon and night.

—W. C. Crist, of the Singer Sewing machine office, Greensboro, was at his home in this place on last Sunday and Monday.

—Twelve is the number of the graduating class of Salem Academy. The graduating medals are gold monogram pins (S. F. A.) with guard chain.

—T. F. Crist had strawberries for desert on last Sunday. They were brought from Greensboro by W. C. Crist.

—The largest and best selected stock of FINE CLOTHING at the *New York Clothing House*.

—A tame deer which escaped from the Academy park some weeks ago was seen in the neighborhood of Kernersville, one day last week.

—Full Moon next Wednesday morning May 3rd. This is considered a dangerous moon, as frosts are likely to follow when it fulls in the morning.

—Wyatt Bowman, President of Wachovia National Bank, Winston, was stricken with paralysis, on Sunday morning and is in a critical condition.

—Distemper has broken out among many of the dogs in town. An old citizen says a good remedy for it, is to cut the dog's tail off—close up to his ears.

—A citizen of Davidson county sold a hickory log at the shuttle and handle works, in this place, which netted him over five dollars.

25 cents only, for gents fancy and plain Half Hose, worth 40 and 50 cents, at the *New York Clothing House*,

—The pile of red dirt in the north-west corner of the Public Square does not add much to the beauty of the square.

—Mrs. W. P. Reynolds and Miss Minnie Vogler, after spending a week very pleasantly with relatives and friends in Madison, returned home on Saturday last.

—There is more hawk shooting in store for Sam Ratcliff. Three others have made their appearance in the neighborhood where he killed the two we made mention of last week.

—Mrs. Ada Hunter Smith, after a pleasant sojourn of several weeks in the family of C. A. Winkler, returned to her home in Goldsboro, on Thursday of last week.

—Our young friend, E. F. Meller, opened a bottle of his famous ginger pop for us the other evening, for which we return thanks. In passing Ed's shop "pop" in and try a bottle, it is No. 1.

—A correspondent of the Charlotte *Observer* in speaking of the remarkable "dark sun spots" says: Two dark spots are now visible to the naked eye, thro' the haze of the evening sky.

—Noah Kimel, of Arcadia township, Davidson county, had 7 pigs which averaged, at 7 weeks old, about 35 pounds round. The heaviest weighed 42 lbs, and the lightest 24 lbs. Berk shire stock.

Oh, those BEAUTIFUL GLASS SETTS at Finch & Bro's. *Cheaper than the Cheapest.*

—Dermot and Eugene Butner spent last Friday afternoon and Saturday at the Yadkin river fishing. A good catch was made, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather.

—In an hour's time the other day, a youth captured and killed one hundred of the little white butterflies, often seen in the gardens. He learned that their eggs produced a worm that is injurious to vegetation. Hence the destruction.

—He was in our office again the other day asking us to solve conundrums for him when we asked him if he could tell us why we were like a pump stock. He gave it up, when we answered, because we were "bored." He hasn't been in propounding conundrums since.

—The best and most complete selection of Boys' and Chil d's FINE SUITS, at NEW YORK CLOTHING HOUSE.

—Seventeen persons were baptized in Fry's mill pond, Davidson county, on Thursday of last week, by Rev. Richard Poindexter, of the Campbelite persuasion. Mr. Poindexter has been holding a series of meetings in that neighborhood.

—There will be a total eclipse of the sun on the 17th of next month. To see this eclipse necesitates a trip to Africa, Europe or Asia, as the Almanac informs us that those are the only places the eclipse will be visible.

—Lessons in the Tonic Sol-fa System (which is the quickest and most thorough means of acquiring the use of the staff notation) will be given at the Winston Hotel. Come join the school.
J. F. JORDAN, Teacher.
April 27, 1882.–3t.

—An evidence that there are fish in the creek is that we sometimes see "uncle" Bob Fisher wending his way in that direction with his fishing tackle. "Uncle" Bob never hunts or fishes just for the name of it, he always makes it count.

—The first promenade concert and ice cream and strawberry festival of the season will be given in the Salem Public Sqnare, in a few weeks, for the benefit of Elm Street Sunday School. Due notice of date will be given.

—JUST RECEIVED, a few hundred SAMPLE HATS, consisting of gents' and boys' Wool Hats, sold at half price, at the *New York Clothing House*.

—Thanks to our young friends, F. F. Patterson and H. V. Horton, for an invitation to the joint debate of the Polemic and Kalisthenic Literary Societies, of Bingham School, on the 28th inst. Among the Polemic debaters we notice the name of F. F. Patterson, of this place.

—It is always *best* to buy your stationery at a regular bookstore. We keep the best pens, ink, paper and school books, at the Salem Bookstore.

—The wheat continues to look well generally, but some of the best farmers think there is too rank a growth, and some even speak of no heads, caused by the fly. At present the outlook for a good crop is good notwithstanding these evil forebodings.

—The many friends of Master Samuel C. Lemly, U. S. Navy, will be pleased to hear of his safe arrival at San Francisco from the recent scientific cruise in Japanese and Chinese waters, of which our readers were entertained by several letters published some time since. Mr. Lemly will be in Washington City in a few weeks, and probably be at home in the course of the summer.

NOW is the time to BUY Cups, Saucers, Plates, Dishes, Pitchers and everything you want in the Crockery line. *Never such bargains* offered before, at Finch & Bro's.

—The following is a bit of war poetry found in the winding up of a love letter, written by a fair maid to her "John" who was a soldier in the late war:

"Of all the birds that fly in the air,
The red bird is the neatest;
And of all the boys gone to the war,
My John is the sweetest."

Finch & Bro keep all kinds of LAMP CHIMNEYS, all sizes, and all prices. *Cheaper* than you ever bought them BEFORE.

—What will the boys get at next? We learn that a youth in the employ of John Nicholson got up a bull fight the other day, in true Spaniard style. Covering himself with a red shawl and taking for his weapon a club, he entered an enclosure where a bull was feeding and bantered the animal for a fight. Taurus didn't feel inclined to dispute with the youthful "matadore," and took to his heels, which was no doubt a good movement in favor of the youngster.

All kinds DRY GOODS and NOTIONS just received at Finch's DRY GOODS STORE. Call in and look at them.

—Rev. T. H. Pegram and Mr. Hauser, both of this county, have each recently invented a car-coupler, though different; either is said to be ahead of any coupler now used. Patents have been applied for, and we learn that Mr. Pegram has secured a patent on his.

BIRTHDAY CARDS in great variety are on hand. The larger and more expensive styles can be ordered if applied for in time at SALEM BOOK STORE.

—On last Friday night the old horse used by Tink for carrying the mail to and from the depot, got a little ahead of schedule time. While Tink was at the train getting the mail the horse left his stand and cantered off down town to the Post Office, a distance of half a mile, or more, turned around in front of the office and after waiting a minute or so went up to his stable and waited for Tink to come unharness and stable him. Tink had to foot it down with the mail that night.

JUST RECEIVED a large lot of Florida sweet ORANGES and LEMONS at Finch & Bro's.

—The lecture in the Academy Chapel on Friday evening last was well attended, by an appreciative audience. The subject, "Florence the Beautiful," was handled with Dr. Rondthaler's usual skill, relieving the necessarily dry details with a quiet vein of humor, peculiarly his own. Beginning with the few huts of scattered settlers, the speaker gradually built up, as it were, a splendid city, full of life and energy, and noted for the untiring industry and integrity of its citizens.

The lecture also embraced a series of beautiful sciopticon views, which faithfully portrayed the principal buildings of the city. The Cathedral of Santa Maria del Fiore, contains the largest and finest dome in the world. The beautiful gates of bronze at the Baptistry, Pitti palace, the beautiful marble bridge across the Arno. The paintings, sculptures, libraries and habits of the people all come in for a share in the course of the lecture, which was closed by Sig. D'Anna giving a choice selection of music. Mrs. Hellen sang her best and was rapturously applauded, as well as Sig D'Anna. Their singing was superb and was a fitting close to the highly interesting occasion. Miss Jenkins did full justice in presiding at the piano.

A beautiful STORE ROOM and a good stand for every kind of BUSINESS for rent. Apply to Finch & Bro., Salem, N. C.

FROM THE GREENSBORO BUGLE.

We learn that at the closing of Oak Ridge Institute the Rev. Edward Rondthaler, D. D., of Salem, will preach the annual sermon on Sunday, May 21st.

Concert Monday night, May 22nd.

Closing exercises and address by Hon. Kemp P. Battle, L. L. D., on Tuesday, May 23rd.

J. W. Payne has been informed that his brother, Geo. C. Payne, of Brownsville, Mo., was killed in the cyclone of last week, which destroyed that town.

The family of Robert Sloan, Jr., are in Greensboro, and will spend a few days with Mrs. Sloan's parents, before removing to Reidsville, where Mr. Sloan goes to take the position of cashier of the new National Bank at that place.

STOKES COUNTY.—The Danbury *Reporter* says: It seems to us absurd and treating the tax-payers of the State with great injustice, to be spending the State money in stocking the Dan and other rivers with choice fish, and then allowing those individuals who happen to own lands on the rivers at favorable places, to build fish dams clear across the river, stopping the fish from passing up, and thus monopolizing all the advantages that may accrue from an enterprise in which all the tax-payers in the State are interested.

ANOTHER COLD-BLOODED MURDER IN STOKES.—Intelligence reached this place last Saturday, (15th inst.), about 2 o'clock that William Nelson had killed James Mabe, jr., but a few hours previous to the arrival of the messenger. It appears that there had been on the day mentioned some kind of an exhibition at a public school-house about five miles above Danbury, when Nelson and Mabe met on the school ground. There was an old grudge between them, in regard to Mabe having been a witness against Nelson in the Federal court. It seems that they had not said much to each other, but had been talking to those present in a manner that showed their feelings were very malignant one toward the other. Mabe had been listening to the recitations of the children, when some one came up and whispered to him. He left his seat and walked away from the house a short distance toward where some other persons were sianding. Nelson coming up about this time passed Mabe, almost touching him, and when he had barely passed, he turned and struck Mabe in the left breast with a knife which he carried in his hand, the blade entering about four inches below the collar bone. In withdrawing the knife it fell from his hand, when Mabe struck him on the head with a small stick. The stick broke, when Mabe commenced feeling for his pistol, and began to stagger. By the time he got his pistol from his pocket he was so weak he could not raise it, but fired into the ground near his feet, while in the act of falling. He fell and died in less than one minute. Nelson left and has not been seen since.

It has reached that point that comment seems unnecessary. Such cases are becoming so common in this county, this being the sixth cold-blooded murder that has been perpetrated in Stokes within the last few years, three of which have been committed within less than twelve months, and of the six murderers not a single one has been arrested and brought to trial. In addition to the murders, there are other parties whose conduct has been so dastardly that they deserve to be declared outlaws.—*Danbury Reporter.*

Bright's Disease of the Kidneys, Diabetes.

No danger from these diseases if you use Hop Bitters; besides, being the best family medicine ever made. Trust no other.

EASTER AT Mt. BETHEL.

At the request of Rev. C. L. Rights, made early this spring, I started to Mt. Bethel Moravian church, Carroll County, Va., on April 7th, passing through Salem, which was unusually quiet, as most of the people were at church, it being Good Friday. My route lay through the old Moravian settlements of Old Town and Bethania.

I took dinner at Mr. Richmond's, a little beyond Old Town, intending to reach Mr. Cobb's by night. Br. R. P. Lineback however, came near spoiling my calculations, as he took my mule by the bridle and almost persuaded "Buck" to stay against my will. Mrs. L. too urged me to tarry with them; but no; duty called me further on my way, and so I bade them adieu and continued on until the road became extremely rough, and I had to drive slowly, and it was too late to make up lost time, as the road was almost impassable. I therefore took up quarters with Mr. Coe, who treated me kindly After an extra early breakfast I started on my journey and found travelling better. During the morning the Pilot mountain was visible all along the road, as it rose majestically from the woodlands. Mr. Evander Davis, a clever old friend, invited me to dinner, and we fared well. "Buck" had the pick of a half bushel of corn. Rev. R. P. Linebaok is a special favorite all along this road, and Mr. Davis asked after his welfare After a good long chat dinner was announced,—and a rare one it was,—the best of everything substantial was there, and when I asked for my bill, there was no charge.

I passed through Mt. Airy and arrived at Bethel parsonage, which adjoins the church, just after a good shower of rain. Old uncle Peter (colored) greeted me in a hearty manner, and invited me to alight and showed me into the house with the usual politeness of the old style Virginia servant. I found everything comfortable, above all, good clean beds, sheets, ticks and pillow cases, all marked with the mysterious "S. M. S." A little thought, however, gave the meaning to be "Salem Missionary Society." Aunt Sophia was polite and did everything to make me feel at home.

The good ladies of Salem, who made the room so comfortable, certainly deserve credit and blessing for providing this home for the Lord's servant.

After a while, uncle Peter went after uncle Billy Chapel, and a regular how-do-you-do followed, and the good old people soon fell into their habit of joking, and we had a lively time. Uncle Peter's horse came in for a share of fun, as he had a singular sickness, and it was hard to account for the trouble. Uncle Billy had borrowed him and the horse got sick, and sat down on his haunches just like a dog and looked about and then he would drop down backwards and the ground fairly trembled. He evidently baulked.

Next morning was Easter Sunday. At 10 o'clock we went to the grave yard and read the Easter service, amid general good order. At the close we entered the church and the house was full. During the sermon, I am sorry to say, there was a disturbance by a young man who gave a fire cracker to another and asked him to take a match and fire the string. Of course an explosion followed, and the poor boy who held the cracker was badly scared. The guilty party was arrested, but escaped before the proper security could be obtained to keep him out of jail. At night we met again, observing the best of order.

After breakfast, on monday morning, I started for home, after a pleasant meeting with the good mountaineers of this section.

Rev. C. L. Rights will preach here on the 1st Sunday in May.

I visited Mrs. Shaub, at Mount Airy, and was kindly received. I stopped with Mr. Coe again at night, and engaged in singing during the evening.

Next day, as I was nearing Bethania, I met Revs. Lineback and Rondthaler, on their way to visit Mr. Butner at Stoney Ridge. A few pleasant words were exchanged, and I passed on to Bethania, where Br. Wm. Grabb's favored me with a good dinner. I also visited Mrs. Lineback.

I enjoyed my few days among the mountains, and hope to see my old friends there often. E. F.

—The violation of any of nature's laws brings its warning by the feeling of discomfort. Exposure will induce colds, throat diseases, consumption, etc., all of which give warning by a troublesome cough. Use Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in time, and remove both the cause and effect of your discomfort.

Don't say you are afraid of your lamp bursting any more, as Finch has got the REAL SAFETY OIL, that stands a test of 175°, and sell it for 25 cents a gallon. Try a gallon and see the difference.

FINANCIAL STATEMENT

OF THE TREASURER OF THE BOARD OF COMMISSIONERS OF THE TOWN OF SALEM, N. C., APRIL 20, 1882.

1881. RECEIPTS.

May 1.	To Cash in Treasury,	31 35	
	" Taxes levied for 1881,	3,125 40	
	" Taxes collected of 1880,	44 81	
	" Half of Fines collected in 1881,	42 25	
	" Contributions of S. F. Academy,	50 00	3293 81

DISBURSEMENTS.

	By Amount paid for street purposes,	966 14	
	" Amount paid for Police Duty	458 32	
	" Amount for new lamps, oil, &c.,	251 48	
	" Amount court cost and printing,	36 50	
	" Amount Street Commissioner,	100 00	
	" Amount Secretary & Treasurer,	100 00	
	" Amount old indebtedness, balance Leigh suit,	845 38	
	" Am't off for Fire Co. Tax, over age and assessed but not liable,	194 61	
1882.	" Taxes unpaid,	239 55	
April 20.	By cash in Treas'y,	101 83	3293 81

LIABILITIES.

Old indebtednes, T. Vogler, 600 00

We, the committee appointed by the Mayor, have examined the accounts and vouchers of L. N. Clinard. as set forth above, and find them correct.

Signed, J. G. SIDES, W. T. VOGLER, W. J. COOPER, } Anditing Com.

GUITEAU.—A few copies of the GUITEAU BOOK (858 pages) for sale at the SALEM BOOKSTORE.
Sent by mail for $2.15.

—School Children's Autograph Album, only 10 cents. It is neat and pretty. At Salem Bookstore.

—Internal Revenue Collections, Fifth District, for the week ending Saturday, April 22, 1882.

Monday	$5,534 10
Tuesday	2,824 44
Wednesday	2,593 77
Thursday	2,752 97
Friday	2,854 22
Saturday	2,843 53
Total	$19,403 03

—Just received at the Salem Book Store a new supply of the KEYSTONE HANDY PENCIL TABLET, of all sizes. Also the KEYSTONE COMPANION CASE, WITH PEN WIPER.

The Distinguished Charm.

A delightful fragrance of freshly gathered flowers and spices is the distinguishing charm of Floreston Cologne.

Money for a rainy Day.

"For six years my daughter was sick from kidney and other disorders. We had used up our savings on doctors, when our dominie advised us to try Parker's Ginger Tonic. Four bottles effected a cure, and as a dollar's worth has kept our family well over a year, we have been able to lay by money again for a rainy day."—A Poor Man's Wife.

MAYOR'S OFFICE, SALEM, N. C.,
April 10th, 1882.

The book for registration of voters for the municipal election, to be held in the town of Salem, N. C., on the first Monday in May, 1882, is now open at my office, and will be until Saturday evening, April 29th. All persons not heretofore registered are now invited to do so.

Electors qualified to vote for members of the General Assembly of North Carolina, who have resided in this corporation thirty days, are entitled to registration.

J. F. SHAFFNER, *Registrar.*

DIED.

At Marshfield, Mo., of consumption, on the 3rd inst., Mrs. SUSAN LEMONS, daughter of Frederick Beck, of this county.

R. B. KERNER,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WINSTON, N. C.

A CHANCE TO MAKE

A GOOD INVESTMENT.

THE WINSTON WATER COMPANY have issued $24,000 Coupon Bonds, in denominations of $100, $500 and $1,000, bearing interest at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually.

About $10,000 of these bonds have been sold, leaving $14,000, which are for sale at the Wachovia National Bank, at par.

For further particulars call on Jas. A. GRAY, Esq.

THOS. J. WILSON,
Pres. of Winston Water Comp'y.
April 27, 1882.–2t.

Handy Stationery.

A FRESH SUPPLY OF

Blair's Beautiful Goods,

CONSISTING OF

New Scratch Books,
Octavo Note Pads,
Commercial Pads,
Letter Pads, Legal Pads,
Keystone Inks,
Pens, Pen Holders, Paper and Envelopes in 10 cent packages.

All these goods are first class and sold at popular prices.

Now is the time to buy your stationery at the SALEM BOOKSTORE, and no mistake. Come and see.

Mothers! Mothers!! Mothers!!!

Are you disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with the excruciating pain of cutting teeth? If so, go at once and get a bottle of MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately—depend upon it; there is no mistake about it. There is not a mother on earth who has ever used it, who will not tell you at once that it will regulate the bowels, and give rest to the mother, and relief and health to the child, operating like magic. It is perfectly safe to use in all cases, and pleasant to the taste, and is the prescription of one of the oldest and best female physicians and nurses in the United States. Sold everywhere. 25 cents a bottle.

A Cough, Cold or Sore Throat should be stopped. Neglect frequently results in an **Incurable Lung Disease or Consumption. BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES** do not disorder the omach like cough syrups and balsams but **act directly on the infla ed parts,** allaying irritation, give lief in **Asthma, Bronchitis, Cou hs, Catarrh,** and the **Throat Troubles** which **Singers** and **Public Speakers** are subject to. For thirty years Brown's Bronchial Troches have been recommended by physicians, and have always given perfect satisfaction. Having been tested by wide and constant use for nearly an entire generation, they have attained well merited rank among the few staple remedies of the age. Sold at twenty-five cents a box everywhere.

—Beginning with the first number in March, **THE MORAVIAN,** issued at Bethlehem, Penna., commences the publication of **A History of the Unitas Fratum,** the Church founded in Moravia and Bohemia by followers of John Hus, four hundred and twenty-five years ago. The Work is written by Bishop Edmund de Schweinitz, after a careful study and comparison of all the extant sources, very few of which are in the English language, a thorough and correct account of the Church of the Reformers before the Lutheran Reformation and to become acquainted with an important, though hitherto ignored period of **Church History.**

—FACTS FOR THE—

CONSIDERATION OF FARMERS WHO GROW TOBACCO.

EVERY farmer knows that it does not pay to raise common Tobacco, and every one knows how difficult it is to make a strictly fine crop of Tobacco, even under the most favorable circumstances. So does every one know that it is almost impossible to make fine Yellow Tobacco, except on fresh land, without the use of Fertilizers. Our observation has been that the most successful Tobacco growers, both in North Carolina and Virginia, are those who use fertilizers most liberally, apply them properly and work their crops thoroughly.

These things being true it is of the utmost importance that you make a selection of the Fertilizer that is especially adapted to the growth of fine Yellow Tobacco and the one that will make the best possible crop in a wet, dry or good season. Every manufacturer of fertilizers will tell you that there has been a sharp advance in the cost of all standard fertilizing material this season. There are many different materials used in the manufacture of fertilizers, but only a few out of the whole list that are recognized as being standard. The Tobacco plant requires a different fertilizer from that required by either Wheat or Cotton. There are manufactured on "order" a great many brands of fertilizers which are sold in North Carolina by men who know little or care less about the quality of the goods they sell. They have nothing to lose if they get pay for their goods, as they have no money interest in factories, no special reputation, nor permanent interest in the business at stake. Nearly all the goods represented by this class of men are made of what is known as irregular material, shoddy leather, horns, hair and such, which give a high valuation in the books but very little result in the field. Again, there are manufacturers of reputation, who do a large business in the cotton section and who sell their Cotton Manure in Tobacco sections for the Tobacco crop. This is being done in Winston as is shown by the State license tax.

Allison & Addison pay a license tax on Star Brand Complete Manure for Cotton and Wheat and another license tax on Star Brand *Special Tobacco* Manure. There are only two other licensed Tobacco Fertilizers sold in the State as is shown by Dr. Chas. Dabney's report of taxes paid.

Allison & Addison have been dealing in and manufacturing fertilizers for the past seventeen years. They have a very large Factory, Bone Mills, Acid Chambers and in fact as complete a factory as is in the United States, situated on the right bank of the James River just below Richmond, Va. They have ample capital to conduct the business and get all the advantages that money and experience will command. They are practical men, attend to their business and have sought to make a fertilizer that will give the best results in the field rather than a high book valuation. Their money, their business and their reputation are all at stake, and they are not in the position of a corporation or joint stock company where no one's honor is especially at stake. They use only the best known materials in the manufacture of the Star Brand Manures, and by practical experience know how to manipulate them so as to give the best results on each crop in all kinds of seasons. The grade this year of the Special Tobacco Manure is as high or higher than it ever was before, and we can show by the testimony of thousands of farmers in North Carolina and Virginia that the "Star Brand" gives as a rule, better results than any Tobacco Fertilizer ever made. Prices are as low and terms as liberal as are consistent with as high grade goods.

Experience has shown the economy, and the best results can only be obtained by the use of Special Manures for each crop. In England and on the continent of Europe where the application of fertilizers has been reduced to a science this system is universal and it is being adopted to a great extent in this country also, being endorsed and recommended by the Directors of most of the Agricultural Departments. Allison & Addison conduct their manufacturing on this system, believing it to be the best and cheapest for the consumer.

For sale by

HINSHAW & BYNUM.

April 13th, 1882.—tf. WINSTON, N. C.

Dr. HARTER'S IRON TONIC.

A combination of Protoxide of Iron, Peruvian Bark and Phosphorus in a palatable form. The only preparation of iron that will not blacken the teeth, so characteristic of other iron preparations.

GENTLEMEN: I have used DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC in my practice, and in an experience of twenty-five years in medicine, have never found anything to give the results that DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC does. In many cases of Nervous Prostration, Female Diseases, Dyspepsia, and an impoverished condition of the blood, this peerless remedy, has in my hands, made some wonderful cures. Cases that have baffled some of our most eminent physicians, have yielded to this great and incomparable remedy. I prescribe it in preference to any iron preparation made. In fact, such a compound as DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC is a necessity in my practice. DR. ROBERT SAMUELS.
ST. LOUIS, MO., NOV. 20th, 1881. 3104 Wash Avenue.

It gives color to the blood, natural healthful tone to the digestive organs and nervous system, making it applicable to General Debility, Loss of Appetite, Frustration of Vital Powers and Impotence.

IRON TONIC.

MANUFACTURED BY THE DR. HARTER MEDICINE CO., 213 N. MAIN ST., ST. LOUIS.

LIVERPOOL AND LONDON AND GLOBE INSURANCE COMPANY.

THE LEADING COMPANY OF THE WORLD

Assets, over - - $30,000,000.

Total Claims Paid, SEVENTY MILLON DOLLARS

New York Office, 45 William Street.

DAVENPORT & CO., GENERAL AGENTS
1113 Main Street, Richmond, Va.

J. A. LINEBACK, SALEM, N. C.,
Agent for Salem, Winston and vicinity.

I. W. DURHAM,

PRACTICAL

Marble-Worker

AND DEALER IN

MONUMENTS

AND

TOMBSTONES.

WINSTON, N. C.

Write for Price List and Designs.
March 21—26-12—1 year.

BOOKS

AT COST

AT SALEM BOOKSTORE

FREE Send to MOORE'S BUSINESS UNIVERSITY Atlanta, Ga. for Illustrated Circular. A live actual Business School. *Established twenty years.*

TUTT'S PILLS

SYMPTOMS OF A

TORPID LIVER.

Loss of Appetite, Bowels costive, Pain in the Head, with a dull sensation in the back part, Pain under the Shoulder blade, fullness after eating, with a disinclination to exertion of body or mind, Irritability of temper, Low spirits, with a feeling of having neglected some duty, Weariness, Dizziness, Fluttering at the Heart, Dots before the eyes, Yellow Skin, Headache generally over the right eye, Restlessness, with fitful dreams, highly colored Urine, and

CONSTIPATION.

TUTT'S PILLS are especially adapted to such cases, one dose effects such a change of feeling as to astonish the sufferer.

They Increase the Appetite, and cause the body to Take on Flesh, thus the system is nourished, and by their Tonic Action on the Digestive Organs, Regular Stools are produced. Price 25 cents. 35 Murray St., N. Y.

TUTT'S HAIR DYE.

GRAY HAIR OR WHISKERS changed to a GLOSSY BLACK by a single application of this DYE. It imparts a natural color, acts Instantaneously. Sold by Druggists, or sent by express on receipt of $1.

OFFICE, 35 MURRAY ST., NEW YORK.

Dr. TUTT'S MANUAL of Valuable Information and Useful Receipts will be mailed FREE on application.

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Samples worth $5 free. Address NSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

PATENTS

We continue to act as Solicitors for Patents, Caveats, Trade Marks, Copyrights, etc., for the United States, Canada, Cuba, England, France, Germany, etc. We have had **thirty-five years' experience.**

Patents obtained through us are noticed in the SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN. This large and splendid illustrated weekly paper, **$3.20** a year, shows the Progress of Science, is very interesting, and has an enormous circulation. Address MUNN & CO., Patent Solicitors, Pub's. of SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN, 37 Park Row, New York. Hand book about Patents free.

North Carolina R. R.

Condensed Schedules.

TRAINS GOING EAST.

Date, Feb. 19 1882.	No. 51. Daily.	No. 53. Daily
Leave Charlotte	3 55 a m	6 30 p m
" Salisbury	5 51 a m	8 51 p m
" High Point	7 20 a m	10 44 p m
Arrive Greensboro	8 00 a m	11 20 p m
Leave Greensboro	8 25 a m	.....
Arrive Hillsboro	11 04 a m	.....
" Durham	11 48 a m	.....
" Raleigh	1 15 p m	.....
Leave "	1 40 p m	.....
Arrive Goldsboro	4 30 p m	.....

No. 17—Daily, except Saturday.
Leave Greensboro 6 00 p. m.
Arrive at Raleigh 3 04 a. m.
Arrive Goldsboro 8 00 a. m.

No. 51—Connects at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West, via Danville. At Goldsboro with W. & W. R. R. for Wilmington.

No. 53.—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R., for all points in Western North Carolina daily; at Greensboro with R. & D. R. R. for all points North, East and West.

TRAINS GOING WEST.

Date, Feb. 19, 1882.	No. 50. Daily.	No. 52 Daily
Leave Goldsboro	10 20 a m	.....
Arrive Raleigh	12 40 p m	.....
Leave "	4 10 p m	.....
Arrive Durham	5 28 p m	.....
" Hillsboro	6 07 p m	.....
" Greensboro	8 50 p m	.....
Leave "	9 10 p m	7 25 a m
Arrive High Point	9 43 p m	8 a m
" Salisbury	11 08 p m	9 a m
" Charlotte	12 50 a m	11 25 a m

No. 18, D'lyer Sunday—Lv. Golds. 2 50 p. m.
Ar. Raleigh 7 10 p. m.
Lv. Raleigh 5 00 a. m.
Ar. Greensboro 2 20 p. m.

No. 50—Connects at Salisbury with W. N. C. R. R. for Asheville, &c., at Charlotte with A. & C. Air-Line for all points in the South and Southwest.

No. 52—Connects at Charlotte with A. & C. A.-L. for points South and Southwest; at Charlotte with C. C. & A. R. R. for all points South and Southwest.

N. W. N. C. RAILROAD.

GOING WEST.	No. 50, Daily.	No. 52, Daily, ex.Sun
Leave Greensboro	9 20 p m	8 30 a m
Arrive Kernersville	10 36 p m	9 41 a m
" Salem	11 20 p m	10 15 a m

GOING EAST.	No. 51, Daily, ex. Sun.	No. 53, Daily.
Leave Salem	5 15 a m	6 00 p m
Arrive Kernersville	5 50 a m	6 40 p m
" Greensboro	7 00 a m	8 00 p m

State University Railroad.

GOING NORTH.	No. 1 Daily ex.Sun.
Leave Chapel Hill	7 30 a m
Arrive University	8 20 a m
Arrive Raleigh	10 15 a m

GOING SOUTH.	No. 2 Daily ex.Sun.
Leave Raleigh	3 30 p m
Arrive University	5 15 p m
Arrive Chapel Hill	6 15 p m

PULLMAN SLEEPING CARS

WITHOUT CHANGE,

On Train No. 50—New York and Atlanta via Washington and Danville, and between Charlotte and Charleston.

On Train No. 52—Richmond and Charlotte and Washington and Charlotte via Danville.

Through Tickets on sale at Greensboro, Raleigh, Goldsboro, Salisbury and Charlotte, and at all principal points South South-west, West North and East. For Emigrant rates to Louisiana, Texas, Arkansas and the South-west, address

A. POPE,
Gen'l Pass'r Agt.
Richmond, Va.

CUSTOM

Boot and Shoe Shop.

I HAVE OPENED A CUSTOM BOOT AND SHOE SHOP, on Main Street, Salem, N. C., two squares below the Salem Hotel, next door to T. Vogler's gun-smith shop.

Will make MENS' BOOTS AND SHOES, and all kinds of LADIES' WORK, in a neat and substantial manner.

Particular attention giving to REPAIRING all kinds of boots and shoes.

Prices for the different qualities of work will be found as reasonable as at any other establishment.

I most respectfully solicit a part of the public patronage.

If parties living at a reasonable distance, in need of work, will let me know by postal card or otherwise, I will wait on them.

Respectfully,
G. A. REICH.
Salem, N. C., Aug. 25, 1881.

SALEM ACADEMY.

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L. W. STAFFORD.
March, 16. 1882.

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FACTS AND COMMENTS.

The New York Medical society has agreed that of the three anæsthetics most in use, nitrous oxyde gas—laughing gas—is the safest, only one death in 300,000 having occurred from its use. There was some difference of opinion as to the relative harmlessness of ether and chloroform, with a majority in favor of the former. Ether, however, is not suited to persons who faint easily, habitual drunkards, those who drink a little every day, to persons who suffer from fatty heart or limited lung action, or to aged persons.

Suicide is increasing in the German army, caused by disappointment in love. Napoleon I., noticing this peculiarity in his army, issued a proclamation ordering the soldiers "to subjugate the passions of grief and melancholy" because "to destroy one's self in order to escape distress of mind, is equivalent to running away from the battlefield because one has been beaten." If Napoleon had only ordered the young women not to throw their lovers over, he would have pleased his soldiers better, and probably accomplished more.

A gentleman living in Ottawa, Canada, is having wooden houses constructed in Toronto in sections, of a size admitting their transportation on ordinary flat cars. These sections are to be taken to Winnipeg or other places in Manitoba, and erected there on lots, some of which are owned by the speculator and others of which are to be rented. The parts are to be substantially built, and on arriving at their destination a few hours' work will put them together, and the oak pins with which the sections are joined are easily driven. It is calculated that in one and a half days a dwelling 18x20, with kitchen 12x14 attached, can be put in readiness for occupation.

One of the most remarkable criminal trials in Indian history ended at Deadwood, Dakota, with the conviction of Crow Dog for the killing of Spotted Tail at the Rosebud agency in August last. The victim was chief of the Brule Sioux, had been so favored by government that other savages were jealous, and the assassination, for it was nothing else, is supposed to have been part of a conspiracy to put Black Crow at the head of the tribe. Both Crow Dog and Black Crow were at once arrested and held for trial under United States laws, the latter as accessory, and this prompt action is said to have averted a desperate struggle among the savages. The case has caused great excitement among the Indians at the Rosebud agency, and it is to be hoped that the application of civilized laws and justice will have a salutary effect.

In exciting the emotions the imagination plays a conspicuous part. A shudder could be sent around the world any morning by a telegram from London announcing that 250 people had been burned to death or drowned in the Thames or crushed by a falling building, or torn to pieces by an explosion. Yet 252 people were killed by being run over last year in London streets, and the statement arouses only a vague feeling of serious interest. These deaths, in all probability, involved in the aggregate as much physical suffering as a fire or an explosion, a collision or a falling building would cause; as many sudden shocks to the friends and relatives, as much bereavement and as much destitution. Yet, because they are killed as single spies, not in battalions, there is no horror and little sympathy felt. More than half of these deaths were caused by wagons, drays and carts, forty-four by omnibuses and street cars, the remainder by cabs, carriages and horses.

Jennie June says, in a New York letter, that the estate of A. T. Stewart is gradually selling out its manufacturing establishments throughout the country, and that the great store on Broadway will soon be relinquished or passed over to other hands. Judge Hilton does not like the details of trade, and sees no glory in the future that has not already been reached by this famous house. To have taken such a step at once would have brought ruin upon thousands; to do it gradually, allowing it to pass from one into many hands, can hardly seriously incommode any. There was a time when the loss of A. T. Stewart's dry goods store would have been looked upon as a personal misfortune, not only by women in New York, but throughout the entire country. A. T. Stewart was the first man in the trade in this country to adopt fixed prices, and it might doubtless be said in the world, since the New York system has compelled the adoption of the same rule of late years in Paris and London. He also regulated prices and kept them at a moderate standard for a quarter of a century, during which time he practically controlled the market.

A Chicago young man worth $5,000 or $6,000 went out to Denver about a year ago, and having a fair complexion, a high voice and nothing better to do, dressed himself up in woman's garments and finally secured a place as a house servant. Falling in love with the cook, he told his secret and proposed marriage. The two left Denver, made a tour of Nebraska, and registered as cousins at various hotels. They were finally suspected and disappeared, each obtaining a separate situation as servants. He deserted her, and her rage and disappointment revealed the strange adventures. She had a note from him asking her to meet him a few miles out of town, on the River Platte. A constable went with her, but when the east bank of the river was reached a human object was seen on the opposite side waving a hat in the left hand. The creature was pursued down the river until it, she or he disappeared so mysteriously that not even a trail could be found. The young woman insisted on committing suicide, but the constable insisted still more strongly on her going back to town with him and she consented.

Supplying a Demand.

A Philadelphia reporter has recently made a tour of the shops in that city where modern timber is turned into antique furniture for the benefit of persons who long to possess something to indicate that they had ancestors. One of the dealers said to him confidentially: "The next will be old family portraits. There's a man somewhere in this city who has been to Europe and bought up, in junk shops and other places, a lot of old canvases with heads on them. He got two or three clever young men to dress them up and copy them and make them up into sets, thus: Knights in armor, fifteenth century; man in a ruff, sixteenth century; youth as a cavalier or Puritan, seventeenth century; Pilgrim father, eighteenth century; Mr Brown, of Spruce street, nineteenth century; set complete in harmonious frames, say $1,000. Cheap and excellent idea and are sure to take. Call again."

Recent experiments show that the tensile strength of glass is between 2,000 and 9,000 pounds per square inch, and the crushing strength between 6 000 and 10,000 pounds per square inch. Mr. Traulionie finds that flooring glass one inch square and one foot between the end supports breaks under a load o 170 pounds.

WALL STREET SPECULATORS.

How Fortunes are Lost by Unsophisticated People Who Think They have "Points."

It would be laughable were it not so melancholy, says a New York correspondent, to narrate the numberless cases of men who, suddenly exalted from their humble spheres of plodding work to money-making Wall street operators, built golden castles in the air—alas! to see them so soon and so cruelly dispelled. People abandoned their legitimate occupations and flocked to the city in hundreds, hovering over the omnipresent stock-ticker, and thinking they were on the road to independence and riches, casting already about in their minds where they would take their next summer jaunt in Europe, whether they would have light cream-colored horses, or steeds of a rich, dark bay; imagining themselves installed in fine, showy houses, with liveried servants and all the paraphernalia of wealth. I particularly remember, for its sadly ludicrous end, the experience of the clerk of a small summer hotel in New England, whose acquaintance I had made during a flying midsummer trip. He was a nice, modest fellow, but very inexperienced and much too guileless and confiding for this wicked world of ours. What was my astonishment when one evening I saw the young man sitting at Delmonico's and picking his teeth after an elaborate dinner—for I could observe the remnants of various expensive courses and an empty claret and champaigne bottle were on the table. He came up to me with a smile of intense satisfaction, and (as I thought at the time) with considerable condescension extended to me his hand.

"How are you?" said I, civilly. "What are you doing in New York?"

"I'm down in Wall street," said he, with airy lightness, and sat down beside me, stretching out wide his legs with the manner of a capitalist who is on admirable terms with himself. "I'm no longer in the hotel business."

He went on to inform me that he was making money very fast, and that he wondered he had been a fool for ever degrading his talents to the lowly duties of a hotel clerk when a fortune lay ready waiting for him in Wall street.

"How long do you mean to stay in New York?" I asked, casually.

"Not long," said he; "I guess I'll be going to Paris next month (this was last spring) and stay there till October, and then come back to spend the winter in Florida. No more hotel business for me! I'm going to have some fun now for my money."

I left him and said to myself: "How cruelly they will shear this poor lamb!" I first thought of advising him to sell at once and put his money safely away, but I knew I would only be laughed at as an old granny. But I often wondered what had become of him after the great decline had set in last summer. A short time ago I was riding up on the elevated railroad, and as I was putting my ticket in the little box which is at the entrance gate, I heard myself addressed by the gateman, who is placed beside the box to see that all the tickets are dropped in. Yes, it was my old friend whom I had last seen at Delmonico's. He had been "cleaned out" completely, and after being almost on the verge of starvation, had secured the place of a gateman at $1.25 per day of fourteen hours. This was his experience in Wall street. Another case was a much sadder one, for it involved an old man who will have but little chance to repair the ruin his speculations have wrought. He belongs to one of the learned professions, in which he has achieved a certain degree of distinction. Last summer, and even down to last fall, he was hopeful, sanguine, perfectly giddy with the prospects he saw dazzling before him. Like everybody else he had a new road somewhere in the West running from Oshkosh to Poshkosh in his vest pocket. "He was going to make a million," to quote his own words, "if he was going to make a dollar." I met him the other day, and was much struck by the change in his appearance. His hair, which previously was slightly tinged with gray, had become almost completely white. There were terrible, deep lines about his eyes and mouth, and a look of touching, almost despairing sadness stole out of his formerly placid and genial eyes. He had lost everything he had in the world, and had swept with him into the ruin his wife, his children and his home. Worst of all, he had borrowed money from friends, in the vain attempt to retrieve his misfortunes and to respond to the incessant brokers' calls for more and more "margins," and was heavily in debt. Everything was gone, and he spoke as though not only his fortune, but all his hope and courage in life had been utterly destroyed. And Goethe says: "Courage lost, everything lost; better that thou hadst never been born!"

In the Early Mining Days.

In some reminiscences of mining life, written by Prentice Mulford for the San Francisco *Chronicle*, occurs the following: After this I borrowed a rocker and started to washing some river bank gravel. It took me several days to become in any degree skilled in the use of the rocker. I had no teacher and was obliged to become acquainted with all its peculiarities by myself. First I set it on a dead level. As it had no "fall" the sand would not run out. But the hardest work of all was to dip and pour water from the dipper on the gravel in the sieve with one hand and rock the cradle with the other. There was a constant tendency on the part of the hand and arm employed in pouring to go through the motion of rocking, and vice versa. The hand and arm that rocked was more inclined to go through the motion of pouring. I seemed cut up in two individuals, between whom existed a troublesome and perplexing difference of opinion as to their respective duties and functions. Such a conflict, to all intents and purposes, of two different minds inside of and acting on one body, shook it up fearfully and tore it all to pieces. I was as a house divided against itself and could not stand. However, at last the physical and mental elements thus warring with each other inside of me made up their differences, and the left hand rocked the cradle peacefully while the right hand poured harmoniously, and the result was about $1.50 per day. * * * *

Such was my inauguration into mining at Hawkins' Bar. What glorious old times they were! What independence! What freedom from the trammels and conventionalities of fashion! Who cared or commented if we did turn up the bottoms of our pantaloons or wear, for coolness sake, our flannel shirts outside the trousers? Who then was so much better than anybody else, when any man might strike it rich to-morrow? Who would beg for work or truckle and fawn and curry favor of an employer for the mere sake of retaining a situation and help that same man to make money, when he could shoulder pick, shovel and rocker, go down to the river's edge and make his two or three dollars per day? Though even at that time this reputed $3 was oftener $1.50

The importation of eggs into Great Britain last year was 750,000,000, or about two dozen for each man, woman and child in the country. Their money value was over $10,000,000.

THE BRITISH ARISTOCRACY.

Life in London—The Gilded Youth of Belgravia—The Aristocratic Turn-Outs.

It is not fashionable to rise early in the West End, says a London letter to an American paper. The gentle people of Belgravia and the squares seldom begin the business of their lives, that is the great work of seeking amusement, until 1 o'clock in the day. Long before that hour, it is true that many of the younger, as well as the more sturdy, scions of the noble houses may have had their gallops in the park, and as early as 9 o'clock in the morning rosy-cheeked and strong-limbed misses, whose habits and high hats tell of their recent occupation, may be seen, having left their horses with grooms, returning in smartly appointed coupes. But by general consent the official hour of awaking and coming forth in all the neighborhood from South Kensington toward the Mall seems to be 1 o'clock. At that hour, in the height of the season, the people who find themselves in the streets of the West End of London may be excused for forgetting that there is any want or poverty or hunger in the world. The bright sun of the clear June day shines through the broad streets upon unnumbered carriages. Here there is a pony phaeton saucily dashing past a stately four-in-hand coach; broughams, coupes and visiting equipages of all kinds, brilliant with fresh polish, gold and silver mounting, and trim appointments of every sort may be seen all about; and now and then in the throng there moves slowly but steadily and with becoming dignity the state carriage of some old-fashioned owner of great estates, an ancient name and many titles. There, high above the crowd of smaller vehicles, goes one which is in every way typical of its kind. It is drawn by four heavy horses, with all the style of the best English stock, and something of weight and size which tells of a strong Norman cross. The harness upon them is heavy with gold plates, which glitter in the sun, and as they toss their heads in play a light white foam is streaked along their pampered necks. Far above them, seated upon a canopy of rich brocade, is the coachman. He, like the horses, is heavy and well fed. His white powdered wig, as it flows out from under his three-cornered gold-fringed hat, contrasts well with the deep red of his neck and face. Beside him rides a stately lackey, whose duties are not obvious, unless he be kept to display fine clothes, while on a board far behind stand two footmen, creatures all too gorgeous for daily use. To commence at their feet and calves—probably the most important part of them—they have low buckled shoes upon the former, and upon the latter the finest of white silk stockings which show to the knee. Their breeches are of bright red plush, close fitting, their long waistcoats of light striped satin, and their gold laced and wide pocketed coats of darkest green. They, like the coachman and his attendant, wear three-cornered hats of green and gold, from under which flow their white wigs brought to a cue and tied with gay ribbons. So appareled they stand straight upon their perch, rather disdaining than making use of the hand-straps by which they are supposed to steady themselves. Between them and the coachman's seat—they are at least twelve feet apart—upon the most nicely adjusted springs the oblong body of the coach swings from leather fastenings; it is rich with varnish, gold plate and armorial bearings. It is open, the inside cushioned with the heaviest of satin, and the door padded with the same material.

In this gorgeous equipage high up above the street, so high, indeed, that it seems almost as if she must have used a step-ladder to get up, there sits a woman. She is young and very beautiful, after the familiar English type. Fair, with wide open and rather listless blue eyes and a mass of ligut brown hair. Her dress is all white, of soft nun's cloth, clinging laces and the finest of lawns. Across her broad-brimmed white hat hang great plumes of white ostrich feathers, her gloves of undressed white kid are of the Spanish fashion and wrinkled almost up to her elbow. She is altogether a most striking figure, and on the theory that all women are well pleased when they attract a great deal of attention, she ought to be very happy, for she and her grand carriage of all those in the throng of grand carriages attract the most attention.

And yet she seems to be anything but satisfied either with herself or the rest of the world. Between her arched eyebrows and around the corners of her mouth there are lines of discontent, sadly out of place upon the face of one so young and so surrounded. They do not belie her feeling. Despite all the wealth, all the luxury, all the magnificence, all the high station which are hers, she is neither contented nor happy.

The fair creature who sits in the carriage of state high up on soft cushions has a story—one of the commonest in aristocratic England, in fact, a sort of every-day tale in cruel London—which is known to most of the gay occupants of the equipages about her. It may be briefly told. She is the daughter of a noble dowager of great and ancient name but poor estate. By the help of this thoughtful parent she was married to Lord H., a middle-aged gentleman of a sporting turn of mind and a fortune almost without limit. He needed some one to look well at the end of the table. This is the excuse he made to his "set" for getting married. Still his girl wife pleased him for a time; and she began to show signs of affection for him. Then he tired of her and went altogether back to his old ways, not forgetting, however, to be polite to her. For instance, there was a breakfast at the club and "one of the jolliest sets imaginable." The meal commenced at the usual hour—1 o'clock in the day—and had continued until 5.30, not unusual. It was still in progress; "the jolliest" was at its height, in fact, when Lord H., rising, hurriedly cried out:

"By Jove, I'll have to be off."

"No! no! H.; don't leave us now," cried his companion.

"Sorry, deuced sorry, but I must," said his lordship. "Fact is, Lady H., my wife, you know, has invited me to dine with her this evening—must keep appointment," and he hurried away. His friends laughed at the joke—they thought it was a joke—and agreed that "H," for an old one, was very attentive. His wife may have thought differently. She had not yet learned, as many another noble woman of England has had to learn, the habit of finding consolation for an absent husband in the whirl of extravagant society.

Of course she will in time, or take with her to the grave the pain and heart-burning which no pen can picture, which none but a neglected wife can feel. In the meanwhile, however, she must put a mask upon her face. It will not do on this bright morning to appear downcast or out of spirits. No one must know that she has not seen her lord and master for the better part of a week. All the gay world of the West End is about her. She must be gay like the rest. She is on her way to a wedding reception; it would be the worst of bad form to be anything but all smiles at such a time, and so she tries to smile.

Her grand coach approaches the great mansion at which she will be one of the most welcomed guests. The square in front of it is almost filled with dashing equipages of every sort. The sun shines brightly upon the brilliant liveries of the coachman and footmen and upon the immense bouquets—"favors"—which many of them wear for the occasion. Room is made for her carriage. It speeds to the covered entrance with a flourish, the steps are let down; with greatest deference the servants stand to do her bidding. She disappears behind the silk-curtained, rose-scented portals to congratulate a newly made wife—one of her own set.

The Substitute Editor.

"Who is that sad-looking man whom I saw sitting in the next room as I came through?" said Mr. Jones to the managing editor.

"That? That is Lawson, our substitute editor."

"What is a—what are the functions of that kind of an editor?"

"Why, you know, we employ Lawson to shoulder disagreeable consequences of all kinds. When we 'go for' anybody until outraged nature can no longer stand it, the injured man calls and we show him in and let him kick Lawson."

"But I don't exactly understand how—"

"Why, you see, the man comes here and asks to see the managing editor. The boy at the door knows, from the fire in his eye, what he wants and he turns him into Lawson's room. There is a brief scrimmage, and about a quarter of an hour later Lawson saunters in here with his handkerchief to his nose to say that his salary really must be raised. He is a very useful man. By concentrating all the storms on him the regular staff is allowed to have perfect peace and security. He is cowhided once or twice a week, and knocked down even oftener. We have the floor in there padded on purpose to make it as comfortable as possible. He don't mind an ordinary flogging so much, but the man has a strange disinclination to be shot at; possibly because he has three bullets in his legs and a two-ounce slug encysted somewhere in his interior department.

"But Lawson don't mind his ordinary duties as much as you would think. We turn in all the bores upon him. He commands a large salary because he is deaf as a post, and a bore who would set me crazy leaves him in a condition of unruffled calmness. All the poets who come here are sent to his room. One of them'll sit there and read to Lawson a poem in forty-two stanzas, and Lawson'll sit there smiling blandly, just as if he heard it all, and he'll compliment the writer and bow him and his manuscript out with charming grace and ease. He makes mistakes sometimes, to be sure. The other day a man read him a speech which the man wanted to pay for inserting in the paper. Lawson thought it was a poem, and he told the man, in the usual formula, that he was sorry our advertising was pressing us so just now that we couldn't oblige him, and the man went up the street and published it in the *Herald*. A dead loss to us of about forty dollars; but Lawson is too valuable to be discharged for a single blunder like that.

"Whenever there's an excursion on a dangerous part of a new railroad, or a trial trip of a steamboat that we are doubtful about, we always send Lawson to represent the staff. He has been blown up twice on the river and has been dropped eight times through a defective trestle-bridge, besides participating in a couple of boiler explosions. He receives all the champion cabbages, gigantic turnips and remarkable eggs that are sent here by subscribers for notice, and he tests all the giant cucumbers and early watermelons that come in. We could hardly run this office safely if we didn't have Lawson."

"He struck me as looking rather low-spirited."

"So he is. He has naturally a strong constitution; but he is gradually breaking down under the strain, I am afraid, and is going to die early. It weighs on his mind. He had a terrific fight with an indignant politician last summer just after he had tested a basket of rather unripe cantaleupes, and I have noticed that he has been somewhat gloomy ever since."

Just then the subdued noise of an altercation was heard in the adjoining room; there was a pistol shot and a bullet came whizzing through the partition, passing close to Mr. Jones' head.

"What's that?" asked Jones.

"Lawson's having a tussle with McIlvaine, candidate for common council. We cut McIlvaine up in to-day's issue. I thought he'd call. Boy!" exclaimed the editor, "run for a policeman!"

Then the sounds died away and ten minutes later, when Mr. Jones went out, he saw the policeman and two other men carrying Lawson to the hospital on a stretcher, whereupon the managing editor said:

"We'll have to let up on McIlvaine for a day or two till Lawson has time to recuperate."—*Our Continent.*

Electric Towers.

Among the serious obstacles that encounter the plan of securing illumination on a grand scale by means of powerful electric lamps raised on lofty towers, are the expense and difficulty of erecting such towers, and the awkwardness of the machinery required to lower the lamps for trimming and returning them to their lofty position. To do away with the latter difficulty entirely and to materially lessen the former are the objects of a light tower invented by William Golding, of New Orleans, of which the *Scientific American* furnishes an illustrated description:

Mr. Golding dispenses with stagings and the usual machinery of tower buildings, and raises his tower into the air by additions made at the bottom. The tower is a cast-iron cylinder, built up of short sections, and kept vertical while in process of erection and afterward by means of guys. The top sections to which the lamps are to be permanently attached, are put together first, and by means of an ordinary derrick are set vertically over a hydraulic press placed upon the intended foundation of the tower. The hydraulic lift raises the top section until a new section, say, five feet long, can be set underneath. While the lift is returning to admit a new section, the raised tower is held in position by a clamp and kept vertical by means of the guys. When the new section has been securely bolted on the whole is lifted another length; and thus by successive lifts and additions at the bottom the tower is raised until the required altitude is attained. Each section of the tower will be bored out before it is put in place, and have a diameter sufficient to allow the easy passage of a circular platform carrying the lamp trimmer, who will be lifted to the top of the tower by means of a piston operated by compressed air supplied by pumps or a rotary blower. The inventor thinks that the pressure need never exceed half a pound to the square inch. The cost of a 500 feet tower complete (without the lamps) raised in the way described is estimated at about $30,000.

The project of erecting such a tower for the purpose of illuminating the crescent-shaped water front of New Orleans is being agitated.

A doctor at Richmond says that if people will take a bath in hot whisky and rock salt twice a year they will never catch a Cold. Until somebody has tried this new remedy we would say:—stick to the old and reliable Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

SUNDAY READING.

Paying Debts.

One of our religious exchanges has the following strong remarks on this subject. They drive the nail to the head and clinch it: "Men may sophisticate how they please. They can never make it right, and all the iniquitous laws in the universe cannot make it right for them not to pay their debts. There is a sin in this neglect as clear and as deserving church discipline as is stealing or false swearing. He who violates his promise to pay, or witholds the payment of a debt when it is in his power to meet the obligation, ought to feel that in the sight of all honest men he is a swindler. Religion may be a very comfortable cloak under which to hide, but if religion does not make a man deal justly, it is not worth having."

Religious News and Notes.

The Presbyterians in Minnesota number 7,419.

It is said that five denominations have 250,000 members in Texas in a population of 750,000.

The bishop-elect of Cuernanaca, the Rev. Prudenzio G. Hernandez, of the Reformed Mexican church, is a pure-blooded Indian.

The Rev. G. Hubert, a Baptist minister in Norway, has been sentenced to pay a heavy fine for having baptized a young person, both of whose parents were already members of the Baptist church.

According to the Irish church directory for the current year there are now 1,708 clergy in the Protestant Episcopal church of Ireland. In the census of 1861 there was 2,265, and the decrease, therefore, in the twenty years has been 550.

The will of the late Leonard Church, of Hartford, is not to be contested, Mrs. Church agreeing to pay the contestants $25,000. The estate is valued at $400,000. Two Congregational societies and the American Tract society will receive $4,000 each.

The annual statistics of the Moravian church in the United States show that there are now 9,697 communicants, a gain of 136; non-communicants over thirteen years of age number 1,530, and there are 5,307 children. During the year twenty-five were excluded and 943 "dropped."

Bishop Peterkin says that, contrary to the assertions of some, it is a very common thing for ministers to decline churches that are offered to them, with much larger salaries than they are receiving, because they are unwilling to give up a work in which they have become interested.

There are in the United States 3,239 Lutheran ministers. Of these, the largest number in any one State is in Pennsylvania, which has 550; Illinois has 365; Ohio, 340; Wisconsin, 265; Minnesota, 228; New York, 180; Iowa, 168; Indiana, 135; Michigan, 118. No other State has a hundred.

There are at the present day established in the Fiji islands about 900 Wesleyan churches and 1,400 schools. The communicants are numbered by thousands. The schools are attended by nearly 50,000 children, and out of a population of about 120,000, over 100,000 are reckoned as regular attendants at the churches. Idolatry is scarcely known, and cannibalism, for which these islands were so famous only fifty years ago, has been voluntarily abandoned save by a single tribe.

Character of the Chinese Newspaper.

To begin with the ordinary and numerous decrees acknowledging the good services of deities: "The governor general of the Yellow river," says the *Gazette* of November, 1878, "requests that a tablet may be put up in honor of the river god. He states that during the transmission of relief rice to Honan, whenever difficulties were encountered through shallows, wind or rain the river god interposed in the most unmistakable manner, so that the transport of grain went on without hindrance. Order: Let the proper office prepare a tablet for the temple of the river god." "A memorial board is granted," says the *Gazette* of April, 1880, "to two temples in honor of the god of locusts. On the last appearance of locusts in that province last summer, prayers were offered to this deity with marked success." February, 1880. A decree ordering the imperial college of inscriptions to prepare a tablet to be reverently suspended in the temple of the sea dragon at Hoyang, which has manifested its divine interposition in a marked manner in response to prayers for rain. In another *Gazette* the director general of grain transports prays that a distinction be granted to the god of winds, who protected the dikes of the grand canal, whereupon the board of rites is called upon for a report. Also the river god is recommended for protecting a fleet carrying tribute rice; and the god of water gets a new temple by special rescript. In fact decrees of this kind, which merely convey public recognition of services rendered by the state gods, appear in almost every issue of the *Gazette*. The following degrees refer to the process of qualification for divine rank: "The governor of Anwhei forwards (November, 1878) a petition for the gentry of Ying Chow, praying that sacrifices may be offered to the late famine commissioner in Honan, in the temple already erected to the memory of his father. The father had been superintendent of the grand transport, and had greatly distinguished himself in operations against some rebels. The son had also done excellent service, and the local gentry had heard of his death with great grief. They earnestly pray that sacrifices may be offered to him as well as to his father. Granted." "A decree issued (May, 1878,) sanctioning the recommendation that a temple to Fuh Tsung, a statesman of the Ming dynasty, may be placed on the list of those at which the officials are to offer periodical libations. The spirit of the deceased statesman has manifested itself effectively on several occasions when rebels have threatened the district town, and has more than once interposed when prayers have been offered for rain."—*Fortnightly Review.*

The active Indian wars of the last ten years have cost the country $5,058,821, and during the same time the bill for watching the red men has amounted to $223,891,264. General Sherman says that the army now numbers 23,785 men and 2,000 officers, 18,529 of whom are west of the Mississippi, leaving 5,256 to guard the eastern country. About four-fifths of the expenditures from the annual army appropriations, says the general, have been made on the Indian account since 1872.

The total cost of the Afghan war is now estimated at £21,551,080, namely, £17,551,000 for military operations and £4,000,000 for frontier railways.

PURE COD-LIVER OIL, from selected livers, on the seashore, by Caswell, Hazard & Co., N. Y. Absolutely pure and sweet. Patients who have once taken it prefer it to all others. Physicians declare it superior to all other oils.

CHAPPED HANDS, face, pimples and rough skin cured by using Juniper Tar Soap, made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York.

Send name and address to Cragin & Co. Philadelphia, Pa., for cook book free.

The Science of Life, or Self-Preservation, a medical work for every man—young, middle-aged or old. 125 invaluable prescriptions.

Indigestion's Martyrs.

Half the diseases of the human family spring from a disordered stomach, and may be prevented by invigorating and toning that abused and neglected organ with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. Let it be borne in mind that the liver, the kidneys, the intestines, the muscles, the ligaments, the bones, the nerves, the integuments, are all renewed and nourished by the blood, and that the digestive organs are the grand alembic in which the materials of the vital fluid are prepared. When the stomach fails to provide healthful nourishment for its dependencies they necessarily suffer, and the ultimate result, if the evil is not arrested, will be chronic and probably fatal disease somewhere. It may be developed in the kidneys in the form of diabetis, in the liver as congestion, in the muscles as rheumatism, in the nerves as paralysis, in the integuments as scrofula. Remember, however, that each and all of these consequences of indigestion may be prevented by the timely and regular use of that sovereign antidote to dyspepsia, Hostetter's Bitters.

A sea captain who recently returned from China reported that probably 30,000 coolies will land on the Pacific coast of the United States and British Columbia the next few months.

Twenty Years a Sufferer.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—Twenty years ago I was shipwrecked on the Atlantic ocean, and the cold and exposure caused a large abscess to form on each leg, which kept continually discharging. After spending hundreds of dollars, with no benefit, I tried your "Golden Medical Discovery" and now, in less than three months after taking the first bottle, I am thankful to say I am completely cured, and for the first time in ten years can put my left heel to the ground. I am yours, WILLIAM RYDER, 87 Jefferson street, Buffalo, N. Y.

The cumac business is quite an important interest in Virginia. The presen production is 10,000 tons per year, and the price is $45 per ton.

Thousands of women bless the day on which Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" was made known to them. In all those derangements causing backache, dragging-down sensations, nervous and general debility, it is a sovereign remedy. Its soothing and healing properties render it of the utmost value to ladies suffering from "internal fever," congestion, inflammation or ulceration. By druggists.

One hundred of the children of the Crow Indians, of Montana, are to be sent to farmers in Ohio "to be educated and reared up to usefulness."

The original "Little Liver Pills" are Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," and are extensively imitated. They cure sick and bilious headache. Private government stamp with Dr. Pierce's signature and portrait mark the genuine. By druggists.

The power to do great things generally arises from the willingness to do small things.

Permanently.

WILMINGTON, Del., Aug. 18, 1881.

H. H. WARNER & Co.: *Sirs*—I have used your Safe Kidney and Liver Cure for difficulty in the urinary organs, and, so far as human foresight can judge, have been permanently cured. JOHN HARTTON.

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.

Eight Hundred Thousand People.

There are already booked for passage to this country in 1882 nearly a half million people, and it is estimated that 800,000 will emigrate from Europe and Canada to the West and Northwest.

In consequence of this vast throng, the "Albert Lea Route" (Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific Railroad) has been compelled to put upon its line an additional Fast Express Train, composed of most elegant day and night cars, leaving Chicago at 11 A. M., and reaching Minneapolis next morning in ample time to allow those going to Northern Minnesota, Dakota or Manitoba to obtain their breakfast and make the connection for all points North or Northwest.

This train is run especially to connect with the new express trains which the Northern Pacific, and St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba railroads (the latter connecting with the Canadian Pacific at St. Vincent) have just put upon their lines.

The regular evening express train from Chicago will be run as heretofore, and make connections from Minneapolis for all points in the territory named above.

It is important, and travelers should bear it in mind, that there are no carriage transfers by the "Albert Lea Route," passengers being landed in Union Depots at Minneapolis and St. Paul.

This is the route to travel over for sure connections, and is the pleasantest and most comfortable line to the Northwest.

The trains of the "Albert Lea Route" leave Chicago from the depot of the Great Rock Island, the old favorite with travelers destined for Kansas, Colorado, New Mexico, Arizona and the Pacific Coast.

Send your address to E. St. John, General Ticket and Passenger Agent, Chicago, and obtain our new illustrated WESTERN TRAIL.

On Thirty Days' Trial.

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send their Electro-Voltaic Belts and other Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to any person afflicted with Nervous Debility, Lost Vitality, and kindred troubles, guaranteeing complete restoration of vigor and manhood. Address as above without delay.

P. S.—No risk is incurred, as 30 days' trial is allowed.

Don't Die in the House.

Ask druggists for "Rough on Rats." It clears out rats, mice, bedbugs, roaches, vermin, flies, ants, insects. 15c. per box.

The only hope of bald heads—Carbonne, a deodorized extract of petroleum. Every objection removed by recent improvement. It is now faultless. The only cure for baldness and the most delicate hair dressing known.

All Humors Eradicated.

VEGETINE thoroughly eradicates every kind of humor, and restores the entire system to a healthy condition.

HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE

is the BEST SALVE for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns and all kinds of Skin Eruptions, Freckles and Pimples. Get HENRY'S CARBOLIC SALVE, as all others are counterfeits. Price 25 cents.

DR. GREEN'S OXYGENATED BITTERS

is the best Remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Malaria, Indigestion and Diseases of the Blood, Kidneys, Liver, Skin, etc.

DENTON'S BALSAM cures Coughs, Colds, Rheumatism, Kidney Troubles, etc. Can be used externally as a plaster.

Use RED HORSE POWDER for Horses and Cattle.

ALLEN'S Brain Food—cures Nervous Debility & Weakness of Generative Organs, $1—all druggists. Send for Circular. Allen's Pharmacy, 319 First av., N. Y.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK.		
Beef Cattle—Prime, live weight	9¾@	10¾
Calves—Com'n to Choice Veals.	7 @	10
Sheep	6¾@	7¾
Lambs	8 @	9
Hogs—Live	7 @	7¾
Dressed, city	8¾@	8¾
Flour—Ex. State, good to fancy	5 20 @	8 00
Western, good to choice	5 30 @	8 50
Wheat—No. 2 Red, new	1 43 @	1 43¼
No. 1 White, new	1 38 @	1 38¼
Rye—State	86 @	87
Barley—Two-rowed State	92 @	98
Corn—Ungraded Western Mixed	75 @	73⅝
Yellow Southern	84 @	84
Oats—White State	59 @	63
Mixed Western	55 @	57
Hay—Primo Timothy	80 @	90
Straw—No. 1, Rye	65 @	70
Hops—State, 1881, choice	21 @	25
Pork—Mess, new, for export	17 50 @	17 62½
Lard—City Steam	10 75 @	10 75
Refined	11 25 @	11 25
Petroleum—Crude	7¼@	7¼
Refined	8¼@	8¼
Butter—State Creamery	35 @	42
Dairy	33 @	40
Western Im. Creamery	36 @	41
Factory	12½@	30
Cheese—State Factory	7 @	13
Skims	1 @	6
Western	8 @	13½
Eggs—State and Penn	17½@	17½
Potatoes—Early Rose, State, bbl	3 50 @	3 75
BUFFALO.		
Steers—Extra	5 80 @	6 25
Lambs—Western	6 50 @	6 70
Sheep—Western	5 75 @	6 25
Hogs, Good to Choice Yorkers	6 65 @	6 90
Flour—Cy Ground, No. 1 Spring	6 75 @	7 25
Wheat—No. 1, Hard Duluth	1 47 @	1 47
Corn—No. 2 Mixed	68¾@	69
Oats—No. 2 Mix. West	47 @	47
Barley—Two-rowed State	90 @	90
BOSTON.		
Beef—Extra plate and family	13 00 @	15 00
Hogs—Live	7¼@	8
Hogs—City Dressed	9¼@	9¾
Pork—Extra Prime per bbl	14 25 @	14 75
Flour—Spring Wheat Patents	7 50 @	9 00
Corn—High Mixed	81 @	82
Oats—Extra White	63½@	63¼
Rye—State	97 @	1 00
Wool—Washed Comb & Delaine	44½@	46
Unwashed "	30 @	31
WATERTOWN (MASS.) CATTLE MARKET.		
Beef—Extra quality	6 75 @	7 25
Sheep—Live weight	5¼@	6¼
Lambs	7 @	7¾
Hogs, Northern, d. w	8¾@	8¾
PHILADELPHIA.		
Flour—Penn. Ex. Family, good	6 12½@	6 12½
Wheat—No. 2 Red	1 40 @	1 40
Rye—State	97 @	97
Corn—State Yellow	69¼@	69¼
Oats—Mixed	55 @	55
Butter—Creamery Extra Pa	43 @	44
Cheese—New York Full Cream	13 @	13
Petroleum—Crude	6 @	7
Refined	7¼@	7¼

Vegetine.

The Barks, Roots and Herbs

FROM WHICH VEGETINE IS MADE

IN POWDER FORM

SOLD FOR

50 Cents a Package.

Vegetine

For Kidney Complaint and Nervous Debility.

ISLESBORO, Me., Dec. 28, 1877.

MR. STEVENS—Dear Sir: I had had a Cough for 3 years when I commenced taking the VEGETINE. I was very low; my system was debilitated by disease. I had the Kidney Complaint, and was very nervous—had cough bad, lungs sore. When I had taken one bottle I found it was helping me; it has helped my cough and it strengthens me. I am now able to do my work. I know it is everything it is recommended to be. Never have found anything like the VEGETINE. Mrs. A. J. PENDLETON.

Vegetine.

Dr. W. ROSS Writes:

Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Rheumatism, Weakness.

I have been practicing medicine for 25 years, and as a remedy for Scrofula, Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia,